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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

DECEMBER 1918

Poetry	Major H. V. S. Carey
	Albert Buhrer
	Theo van Beek
	John Gurdon
	Flight-Lieut. F. V. Branford
Classic American Literature (ii)	D. H. Lawrence
Clarence	Blamire Young
Swank (ii)	T. Dove Keighley
The Actress	Arthur Eckersley
The Delusion of Super-Production	Major C. H. Douglas
The Demand for the Land	R. L. Outhwaite, M.P.
A Statement of Policy Towards the New Europe	Austin Harrison
Some Military Lessons of the World War	Major Stuart-Stephens
Allah is Great! A Song of Peace	Ernest Rhys

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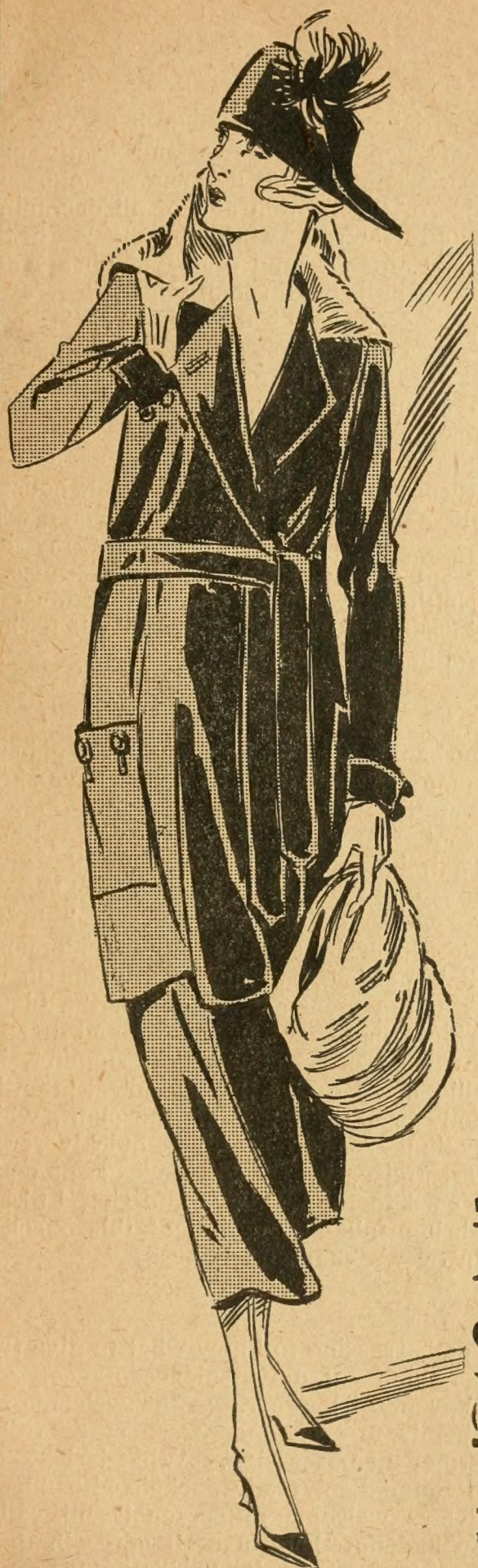

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COAT & SKIRT in fine quality chiffon finished Velveteen. Coat cut on plain, becoming lines, with practical pockets and large, cosy wrap collar of nutria plush. Plain, well-cut skirt. In black, blue, and brown only.

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The Church Army

¶ It is a source of immense satisfaction to all Church people that the Church Army has taken such a prominent and useful part in helping the fighting man to comfort and decency at home and on all fronts. The Chaplains of the Church and of all denominations have done splendid and fraternal work, but it is to the Church Army Huts, Hostels, Canteens, and other establishments, and to their workers, that the Anglican can look with the greatest pride. Let me remind the donors, if such a reminder is needed, that we are not yet at peace. There is just as much need as ever for all the quick and efficient organisation amongst soldiers, sailors, and workers at home and abroad as ever, and even when our fighting forces may be demobilised by degrees the need of continued effort will remain. Just now, with the advance of our troops to the Rhine, the returning soldier must be helped, housed, and looked after, and rapid and efficient organisation is needed to supply the needs of the day. What the Church Army has accomplished hitherto gives sufficient guarantee of its wise use of opportunity and means. Neither the one nor the other must be neglected in the last and in some ways the most difficult period. Therefore do not withhold your support.

Electric Light Power in the Home

¶ For those county and suburban homes which have no municipal service of electric power many systems of lighting have been devised to bring them up to the modern standard, and amongst others a system which presents many great advantages. Without going into technical details, it is sufficient to point out the great advantage of possessing an automatic electrical plant which will give light or power by the action of turning any switch in the house, that starts and stops itself in response to the moment's need, goes on as long as it is needed, and stops when not in use automatically. This is one of the great advantages of the Lister-Bruston system. Its working parts are compact, and need a minimum of attention. No engineer is required for running, but any person of average intelligence can give the periodical attention to filling and oiling. Nobody has to sit up with the plant, which is quite automatic in its action. The first cost is quickly repaid in terms of light and power, and complete independence of mains and meters is secured. A card to R. A. Lister and Co., Ltd., of Dursley, Gloucester, will bring full information of this excellent system, already installed in over a thousand homes.

The Great Present Question

¶ It is often very much more embarrassing to know what to give than to send the gift, and those things of universal acceptance, good alike for man or woman, boy or girl, are rare—the welcome gift at once desirable, useful, handy to pack and to send, and sufficiently important to be a permanent possession. What is it? The answer is simple: a Swan Fount-Pen, ready packed with filler in a portable box, a gift always welcome, a personal and valued tool for a lifetime. If you had not thought of it you will thank me for the suggestion as much as your friend will thank you for the present. These pens with their iridium pointed gold nibs have

Let it be Something Useful and Permanent.

Send him — send her — a Waterman's Ideal. It is the appropriate gift for all your friends — for the one on Active Service or National Service, for the Business Man and Woman. Being the world's best pen it is sure to please.

Waterman's (Ideal) FountainPen

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens are made in three types:—"Pocket Self-filling" and "Safety," **15/-** and upwards; "Regular," **10/6** and upwards. Obtainable from Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner Kingsway, London, W.C.2
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"I think it only right to tell you

that I have received very great benefit from the use of the "P.R." MALT BISCUITS. At one time I was always under the doctor for Indigestion and Constipation. Since taking these biscuits I am glad to say I have been quite different, and have not troubled him since. I think this was about four years ago."

¶ The above is from one letter out of many in similar strain. Our Booklet "Evidence" gives an interesting selection. It is sent free on application. But if you are still sceptical, we ask you to put the matter to a personal test. With each of your meals take two or three of these delicious biscuits, avoiding much sweet mushy food, and note results. You will assimilate what you eat better—itself an economy—and

you will enjoy every mouthful.

¶ Supplied Sweetened and Unsweetened:
Per Box 3/9, and 5/6 post paid.

THE WALLACE "P.R." FOODS CO., LTD.,
48, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N.8.

P.R.
THE ACME OF PURITY

b*

stood the test of many years, and have achieved a standard value; also they can be had in gold cases, or gold banded, in silver and a variety of decorative forms if you desire to make a specially valuable present; but the pen's the thing—no longer a rare bird in the world, but still very like a black swan.

Breakfast ¶ There has been a considerable change in our breakfast tables since the war began. Many of the old-established, traditional dishes have become impossible, and we have had to make new friends. So far dietetics have done the nation good on the whole, and indigestion, with all its accompanying disorders, has shown a marked decrease. The moral of that—as Alice would say—is that some of our old friends were perhaps not the most desirable comrades of tea and coffee. Sweet are the uses of adversity if we learn from it a wiser way. In many homes the P.R. Body-building Breakfast Food has established its claim to superiority over the older sorts, and, indeed, the products of the Wallace P.R. Foods Company have come to us in a good time, for we are all ready to learn better dietetics. Those who have not made a trial of these pleasant, nourishing, and easily prepared foods should do so, as they do undoubtedly come at a time when we are rather at our wits' ends. The packets have been increased in price, in common with most commodities, but, unlike most, the advance from 6½*d.* to 8½*d.* has been accompanied by an increase of quantity by one-third, so the price actually remains about the same. If any difficulty should be experienced in procuring the packages they can be had in dozens, carriage paid, from the P.R. Foods Co., of Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N.W. 8, for 8*s.* 6*d.*

King Coal's Daughters ¶ There is a family quarrel—not embittered, but of the nature of argument—between the daughters of King Coal—Gas and Electricity—and Gas has scored rather heavily in certain drastic tests. Each has charged the other with extravagance in war-time in culinary matters. Electra claimed that meat lost less weight when she prepared it; to this Gas replies that, with efficient apparatus and intelligence, this is never the case, and, carrying the war into her sister's territory, points out that thermal units by wire mean a larger consumption of coal, and none of the valuable by-products which accompany the delivery of thermal units through a pipe. The result of this dispute is tabulated thus by the British Commercial Gas Association, the unit of the test being 15 million pounds of meat cooked by electricity. Instead of the saving claimed of 3,150 tons of coal, a loss of 3,500 tons; in money a loss of £10,000, instead of a saving of £2,500; and, in place of a saving of 1,500,000 lb. of meat no saving at all if the gas cooking were properly done, the saving in coal, plus by-products, being three tons in four as compared with electric cooking. These are very striking figures, and point a quite obvious moral to the economic mind.

Christmas Peace Rejoicings ¶ This Christmas will need celebration as never before in the history of the world. Thankfulness is emphasised for us by our great deliverance from the nightmare of war, and our Christmas festival for the child will be more heartfelt than in other years. Many a thank-offering will be offered in a world made free and peaceful for our little ones, and it is peculiarly fitting that the children of the soldier and sailor should be recipients of these gifts. There are many soldiers' children in Dr. Barnardo's homes, and all the

Do you keep a Bowl of Water

in front of your gas fire?

It is really quite unnecessary. Presumably it is put there to prevent the air of the room becoming "dry" and consequently absorbing moisture from the skin of the occupants?

But radiant heat does *not* raise the temperature of the air or dry it, and the modern gas fire gives out from 70 to 80 per cent of its warmth in the form of radiation. The small residue of convected heat is of such comparatively low temperature that the air is directly affected only to an inappreciable extent.

Hence there is no unpleasant and unhealthy "stuffy" atmosphere in an adequately ventilated room heated by means of a modern and properly-fitted gas fire, while it has been clearly established that in the present emergency the use of such fires contributes to the national interest.

The important question of the distinction between radiant and convected heat is fully discussed in a booklet entitled "A Bowl of Water" which will be forwarded to any enquirer who communicates with the undersigned.

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.* 1

X46b

inmates are children; 7,000 children rescued and cared for will keep their great Christmas in these happy and wisely organised homes; 6,747 children have come into these admirable homes since the war began, and by the gift of 10*s*. one can feed one of these little ones for ten days. More than 10,000 Barnardo Boys have fought to give us peace, and that which we owe to the great Doctor's life-work we can never repay, for he has done for us all the duty we all owe to the State; but we can help by showing that our hearts are with the splendid work by sending a Christmas gift. Money, blankets, clothing, or other gifts should be sent to the Hon. Director at 18-26 Stepney Causeway, London, E.

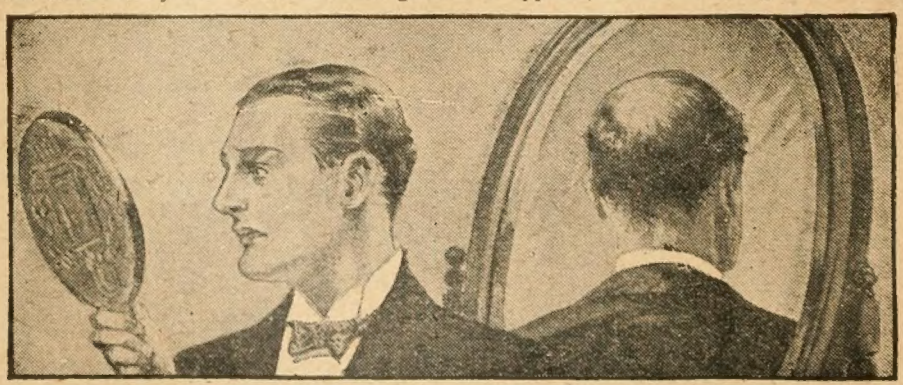
An Appropriate Christmas Gift

¶ The sudden cessation of hostilities will make the coming Christmas celebrations the happiest for many years. Though friends may still be on active service in France, Belgium, or more distant parts, they will not be in danger. We no longer dread what the morrow may bring forth. Under circumstances such as these the giving of presents will be a more joyous proceeding than ever before. And we shall want to give articles of permanent value, lasting mementoes of the occasion. The appropriateness of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen as a Peace Christmas Gift will be apparent to everyone. Daily it will be used by the recipient with a pleasure which increases as the years speed by. As for its permanence, with care it will last a lifetime. For soldiers and sailors, for doctors, Red Cross nurses, and for lady friends who have taken up work on the land, or are engaged in other forms of National Service, the safety type or the pocket self-filling type of Waterman's Ideal is recommended, while for general use the regular type is suggested. When the gift is for a lady, the safety type is generally preferred, as it can be carried in any position. Every Waterman's Ideal is guaranteed. The regular type costs 10*s*. 6*d*. and upwards, the safety and self-filling from 15*s*. upwards. A good selection may be seen at high-class stationers, stores, and jewellers.

Continued on page 8.

TRUE RECIPE for BALDNESS

"*I now feel convinced that only very few men, under* 60 *years, need remain bald.*" So says Signor Lavreitzski a well-known Italian Scientific Chemist, who has discovered that *Glysophate* in its concentrated form posse ses remarkable hair-growing power, and even in 21 days can produce new hair on bald patches that may have been denuded of hair for several years. The revivified growth, it appears, is natural and gradual, whilst the hair is



youthful in colour and strong in texture. Professor Lavreitzski's preparation will in most cases prove its marvellous hair-producing properties in less than a dozen applications. Every man who would like to correct the ugliness of baldness is strongly advised to give *Concentrated Glysophate* a fair trial. It may truly be called a scientific cure for baldness and is the most reliable method of getting rid of that appearance of "premature age" so often associated with the lack of hair.

Sold in sealed packages, one large size only, 5/6 post free, by the Sole Agents in Great Britain, Messrs. CHAPMAN, Ltd. (Suite A29), **British and Foreign Toilet Depot, 8, Mortimer Street, London, W.1. Also through Boots branches, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, etc.**

N.B.—The reader is cautioned against imitations of the genuine Lavreitzski hair-growing formula.

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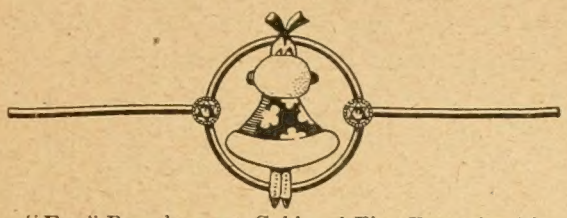
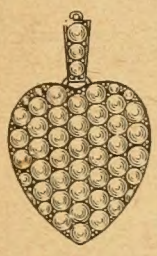


"Eve" Brooch, 15-ct. Gold and Fine Enamel, with Diamonds on Palladium Fronted Bar. **£7 10 0**

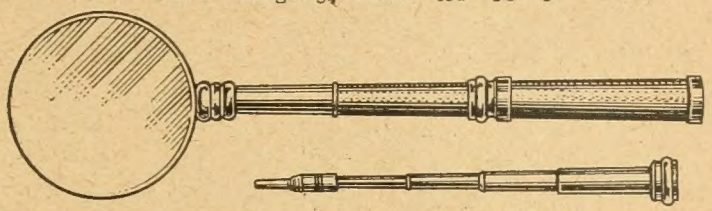
Diamond and Sapphire Hoop Ring. **£24 0 0**

All Diamonds. **£27 0 0**

Gold Mounted Tortoiseshell Cigarette Tube, in Morocco Case. Length 3¾ inches. **£1 15 0**



Pearl Heart Pendant. **£5 0 0**



Solid Silver Gilt extending Reading Glass fitted with Telescopic Pencil. Length 4 inches. **£1 15 0**

Christmas

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have made a great effort to offer Christmas stocks of the most varied and complete description for the selection of Gifts. Buyers should, however, be warned to make an alternative choice, if possible, in case of short supply, as the demand for advertised articles is expected to be exceptionally large. Such shortage of supply would only be the result of war conditions. All articles are of highest quality and the best value.

Selections will be sent for approval, if desired, carriage paid, and at the Company's risk, or a Christmas Catalogue may be had post free on application.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address, 112 Regent Street, London, W. 1.

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COMPANY LTD.
with which is incorporated
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112 Regent Street London W. 1

The Straight Line in Dress

¶ The changes of fashion have all tended towards comfort in dress of late years. War-workers have enjoyed the relaxation of the loose, straight gown for indoor wear. The coat-frock has been a thing of comfort and simplicity, and now the evening gown is cut on the same straight line as the tea-gown. There will, of course, be time for recreation and dressing this Christmas, and women who have done their duty during the war will deserve a Peace holiday. And such holiday is made more enjoyable by the possession of new clothes. As a Christmas present nothing could be more acceptable than a tea-gown which can still do duty as an evening frock. Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere-street and Oxford-street, W., have a very large selection of inexpensive crêpe de Chine tea-gowns adapted from the newest Paris models, and made in their own workrooms from rich quality materials. There is one of specially good value at 98*s.* 6*d.*, cut on long plain lines, giving a pinafore effect both back and front, and daintily finished with silk stitching. This can be had in jade, yellow, mauve, green, sky, turquoise, champagne, pink, and black. Another fascinating design at the same price in good crêpe de Chine has the new loose front and back edged with fringe. The skirt is closely pleated and finished with a sash tied at the side. It is made in black, lemon, orange, sage-green, cherry, hyacinth, grey, coral, rose, jade, old rose, Saxe, and several other shades.

Smart Bolero Blouses

¶ The bolero blouse is one of the latest novelties, and is likely to be a very popular garment for the Christmas season, when there will be a good deal of entertaining. The bolero blouse is useful to slip on over another blouse, and is a comfort such weather as this. It can be seen in the blouse *salons* of Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. There is a very beautiful design copied from a French model in rich crêpe de Chine, lined with a contrasting colour of crêpe de Chine, with collar and revers in same coloured crêpe as the lining, and finished with a gold ball fringe. It can be had in a great many combinations of colours, also in black lined with vivid colourings, the price being 84*s.*, and the same design in chiffon velvet and vivid shades of panne velvet is 5½ guineas. Another form of this garment may be mentioned in the over-blouse, which can be worn opened or closed at the neck, and is particularly smart and comfortable. This blouse is copied from an exclusive Paris model, and is made in extra heavy crêpe de Chine, finished with coloured tinsel ribbon and rosette. The price is 98*s.* 6*d.* in all colours and black. The crêpe de Chine from which these blouses are made is worth fully 18*s.* 9*d.* a yard.

A. E. M. B.

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The **HAIR GROWER**

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

"Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author dramatist and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho. Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by] [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

"SWAN" FOUNTPENS

Nibs to suit every hand.

A Useful Present that will last

THE merely pretty and useless type of gift is more superfluous to-day than ever. In a world seriously short of raw materials utility comes first. When choosing Christmas presents remember this and decide to give your friends a "Swan" Fountpen, which will be of real service to them at all times and which they will keep and use for an unlimited period. From the many "Swan" models you can select exactly the right one for your particular friend.

Go to the shops where "Swan" Pens are shown in the windows, and insist on a "Swan," the only Fountpen sold at pre-war prices.

OF ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

At pre-war prices from 10/6.

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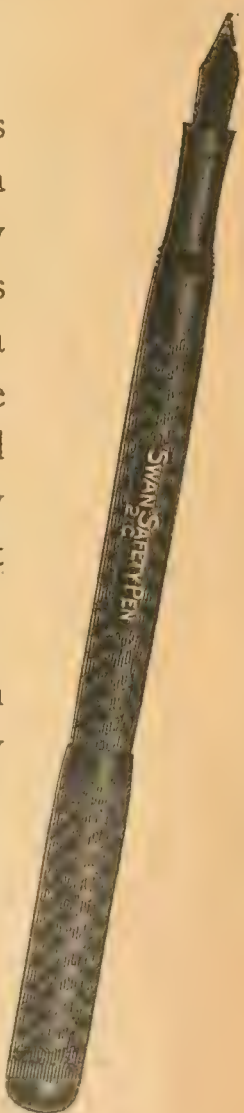

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HOTEL FROCK, in rich quality faille silk, with simple lace bodice and tunic skirt attractively finished with fringe. In a few good colours.

Price

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Useful and reliable, with straight or crook handle. Fox's frames. In black only.

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October Issue
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The "Admirable Crichton" of tobaccos . . .

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Both are sold everywhere
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MEDIUM

5½d for 10—11d for 20
Boxes of 50 2/2½—100 4/3

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ECONOMICAL NUTRITION

In times of food scarcity it is the more necessary that what is eaten should be completely digested and thoroughly assimilated.

The concentrated nutriment 'Bynogen' introduced by Allen & Hanbury Ltd. corrects the digestive disturbance often associated with nervous conditions and thus enables the digestive organs to make the best use of the food taken. The addition of a specially prepared extract obtained from selected whole wheat and malt assists assimilation and gives 'BYNOGEN' a palatable flavour.

'Bynogen' Trade Mark
Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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XII.

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NOTE.—These Pronouncements of Pope & Bradley are sometimes serious.

The Hymns and Errs of Love

By

H. DENNIS BRADLEY

"Annexationists"

AGES ago, in the first days of war, an elderly non-combatant Hun revealed his soul in some doggerel called the "Hymn of Hate."

The venom of his spleen was too much for his digestion, and he spat it forth to the immense pleasure of his kind and age.

His "Hymn" became famous, but even in the ghastly trenches Youth laughed at it and derided it.

Since that day, throughout the tortured world literature, art, and beauty, the clean and lovely things of Life and Love have been cast aside and mocked at, while the old men, in their love for Youth, gleefully croaked their hymns of hate, and will croak until death mercifully relieves us of their presence.

But Youth takes comfort in the certain knowledge that the universal Nature, merciful, but inexorable, silent, but inevitable, will put a term to the tyranny of the Aged.

The Day will come when there will be a shortage of Old Man Power.

Civilisation has collapsed as a result of rulings founded on Hate, dictated by the Aged, the Impotent, the Sterile, the Unwise. Youth will discard all the doctrines of its decadent fathers and build the new world on the foundations of Love.

And should elderly philosophers and cynics deem that the ruling of Youth by Love will lack in force let us demand of them what they have achieved by the force of their rule by Hate.

Women loathe them.

The old and discredited generation who now rule the earth will be eternally damned by history as responsible for dragging a world of beauty to the depths of ugliness, ghastly in its uniformity.

By Individuality the Artist mind makes the world beautiful, and achieves deathlessness.

Youth and Love are individual. By individuality Youth becomes great, by uniformity is made a clod.

The passion of age is the weakness to Hate; the passion of Youth is the power of Love.

Whatever we covet we strive to annex. But the cravings of Age are not the desires of Youth. The annexations of Age are sordid, of the earth. The annexations of Youth are Beauty, Love, and the wonderful joys of Life.

The Aged dream of annexing the earth; they whose proper annexation is but six feet of it! The whole world awaits passionately its annexation by Youth, who knows no boundaries.

Joy is within ourselves and Love finds its habitation only in the soul of Youth, where it can live in wonderful dreams, creating new and beautiful ideals.

In Love's battles the wounds are borne with joy, because Love is worth all pain and suffering.

And the battles are fought because Love is catholic; like the knight errant of old he wears his lady's favours on his casque, and now the favour is of the Roses, now of the Lilies, now of the Passion Flower, and now of the Silken Rags of Life.

But these lists are not for the Aged, for the adventurous soul is dead in them, and, barren of joy, through rheumy eyes they stare at the tournament of Love, and seek to warm their palsied hands at the fires of Hate.

And Love laughs.

"— fret till your proud heart breaks;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen
Though it do split you; for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter
When you are waspish."

* * * * * * * *

London will welcome the return of Youth. The West-End restaurants are very ugly and, on account of the Young Man shortage, are filled with podgy Bureaucrats with arrogant airs and vulgar Profiteers with atrocious manners. Their obesity is suggestive of illicit meat coupons.

* * * * * * * *

All this has apparently nothing whatever to do with Pope & Bradley, who, without preying upon them by profiteering, continue to clothe Youth, who are the Men of England.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1918

Lay Down Your Arms

By Major H. V. S. Carey

LAY down your arms, the long dark night is past,
The dawn has opened with the sun of peace;
Hushed is the strife, as, in a stricken world,
All conflicts cease.

Lay down your arms, no more shall fire and sword
Sow the red soil and claim the last dread cost;
Yet what we rendered in the bitter fight
Shall not be lost.

Lay down your arms, the cause is surely won,
The world is free by dominance of right;
And never more shall brutal power enthroned,
Usurp by might.

Lay down your arms, and heal the broken hearts,
Repair the ruins and still the mourner's tears;
Rebuild the walls that fell before the riot—
Of tragic years.

Lay down your arms, accept the sacred care
Of they who sacrificed that we might live;
Is there for them a recompense too great—
That we can give?

Lay down your arms, and learn anew the faith,
That justice, truth, and honour must prevail;
Great be the cost, yet now we surely know—
God does not fail.

The Birth of Peace

By Albert Buhrer

Oh Peace, thou child born after man's fierce hate,
Fruit of the darkest accident of time,
Reluctant being, rescued from the slime
Of drunken thought and deed inordinate:
What bloody mystery has forced thy fate
Half with despair and woe, resolve sublime,
Half with heroics and Satanic crime;
Com'st thou our hearts to cheat or to elate?

Welcome, thou child of such strange parentage,
Thy sign is spread abroad the universe,
Canst thou Man's mighty sorrow reimburse,
And sweep the sick conventions from our stage,
Stifle bad creeds and sullen Gods encage,
Is thy new star man's blessing—or his curse?

Lives a Little Boy

By 2nd-Lieut. Theo van Beek

Any little boy
That I see
Brings a tender glow
Over me;
Brings a living joy,
And a tear—
Any little boy,
Anywhere.

For, where'er I go,
When I see
Any little boy,
Quietly
Steals a little lad
To my side,
Lives a little lad
Who has died.

The Hamadryad

By John Gurdon

Wood-maiden, in a moment of clear-seeing
Beholden, by thy deity Oh hear me!
I know, I feel thee near me;
Thy hidden presence thrills me to the core
Exquisitely. Yet that which is thy being,
This oak, whose life is thine, withholds thy charms
Straitlier than death from my encircling arms.
Have pity, ah me, upon my pleading sore!

All the blue noon I lie beneath the cover,
The shadowy shelter of thy tangled tresses,
The wind with long caresses
Bosoms thy foliage, in his wide embrace
Fondled, while I, thy lover,
Clasp but a rugged bole. Come forth to me!
Come forth, O woman sheathèd in the tree!
Though thou shouldst slay me, stand before my face!

Would I were storm to rive thy boughs and shiver
This trunk asunder, dryad, for the fated
Issue of passion mated
To such as thou, ripens in fruit accurst;
Delirious joy whose fever
Gulps the fell wine with venomous fire that flashes,
And breaks the bread of honey mixed with ashes,
Still starved, and parching with unslaken thirst.

I care not. Song shall wrest thee and deliver
From the earth-rooted bondage of thy dwelling,
Hark how my flute-notes swelling
Purple the lucent deluge of the air
As wine-spilth stains a river!
All that I am is poured in melody
Yearning upon thee, and thy branchlets sigh,
Their dim life stirred, responsive and aware.

Ah, ah, she wakes! Love unto death, prevailing
Wins her—and death. They through the bark divided
Into the day have glided:
Her eyes have risen starlike on the marge
Of slumber-seas wherein my own are failing.
The tree draws in my life—would I might soar
Up to yon mountain heights whereto for shore
The great white clouds sail slowly as a barge.

Too late! Too late! My long desire is granted,
And with the joy of it my heart is broken.
Receive my blood for token
Here at my lips and kill me with a kiss,
O love, O dream enchanted!
Hold me against thy breast and gently sweep,
Cradling me childlike, down the ways of sleep
Into the vision whence no waking is.

The Walker Among Winds

By Flight-Lieut. F. V. Branford

Towers were my teachers, for I lodged my soul
In naked magnitudes. I set on sea,
On cataracts, on red activity
Disgorged in thunder from the aerial coal
Of God, the sign of mortal mastery.

Man the untutored warrior! He could bind
The obstreperous waves like strangling ice. He tore
The winged lightning out of air. He bore
His banner in the stars and walked the wind.

But when I stand upon a cloud I know
A sorry circumstance—the shrivelled crust
Of mountains shattered down in level dust
And man dissolved like unremaining snow.

Then fare I far away to find a doom,
Forever seeking, but I know not whom.

Studies in Classic American Literature (ii)

By D. H. Lawrence

II.

Benjamin Franklin.

The idea of the perfectibility of man, which was such an inspiration in Europe, to Rousseau and Godwin and Shelley, all those idealists of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century, was actually fulfilled in America before the ideal was promulgated in Europe. If we sift the descriptions of the "Perfect Man," and accept the chief features of this ideal being, keeping only to what is possible, we shall find we have the abstract of a character such as Benjamin Franklin's.

A man whose passions are the obedient servants of his mind, a man whose sole ambition is to live for the bettering and advancement of his fellows, a man of such complete natural benevolence that the interests of self never obtrude in his works or his desires—such was to be the Perfect Man of the future, in the Millennium of the world. And such a man was Benjamin Franklin, in the actual America.

Therefore it is necessary to look very closely at the character of this Franklin. The magicians knew, at least imaginatively, what it was to create a being out of the intense *will* of the soul. And Mary Shelley, in the midst of the idealists, gives the dark side to the ideal being, showing us Frankenstein's monster.

The ideal being was man created by man. And so was the supreme monster. For man is not a creator. According to the early creed, the only power that the Almighty Creator could *not* confer upon His created being, not even upon the Son, was this same power of creation. Man by his own presence conveys the mystery and magnificence of creation. But yet man has no power over the creative mystery. He cannot *make* life—and he never will.

This we must accept, as one of the terms of our being. We know we cannot make and unmake the stars or the sun

in heaven. We can only be at one, or at variance with them. And we should have the dignity of our own nature, and know that we cannot ordain the creative issues, neither in ourselves nor beyond ourselves. The ultimate choice is not ours. The creative mystery precedes us.

This has been the fallacy of our age—the assumption that we, of our own will, and by our own precept and prescription, can create the perfect being and the perfect age. The truth is, that we *have* the faculty to form and distort even our own natures, and the natures of our fellow men. But we can *create* nothing. And the thing we can make of our own natures, by our own will, is at the most a pure mechanism, an automaton. So that if on the one hand Benjamin Franklin is the perfect human being of Godwin, on the other hand he is a monster, not exactly as the monster in *Frankenstein*, but for the same reason, viz., that he is the production or fabrication of the human will, which projects itself upon a living being, and automatises that being according to a given precept.

It is necessary to insist for ever that the source of creation is central within the human soul, and the issue from that source proceeds without any choice or knowledge on our part. The creative gesture, or emanation, for ever precedes the conscious realisation of this gesture. We are moved, we *are*, and then, thirdly, we *know*. Afterwards, fourthly, after we know, then we can *will*. And when we *will*, then we can proceed to make or construct or fabricate—even our own characters. But we can never construct or fabricate or even change our own *being*, because we have our being in the central creative mystery, which is the pure present, and the pure Presence, of the soul—present beyond all knowing or willing. Knowing and willing are external, they are as it were the reflex or *afterwards* of being.

Fairly early in life Franklin drew up a creed, which, he intended, "should satisfy the professors of every religion, but which should shock none." It has six articles.

"That there is One God, who made all things."

"That He governs the world by His Providence."

"That He ought to be worshipped with adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving."

"But that the most acceptable service of God is doing good to man."

"That the Soul is immortal."

"And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter."

Here we have a God who is a maker and an employer, whose one business is to look after the smooth running of the established creation, particularly the human part of it—Benjamin is not afraid to "but" the Lord his impertinent "buts"—who makes each man responsible for the working of the established system; and who reserves for Himself the right of granting a kind of immortal pension, in the after-life, to His praiseworthy mechanics of creation, or of condemning the unworthy to a kind of eternal workhouse.

Such a God is, of course, only the inventor and director of the universe, and not a God at all. In order to shock none of the professors of any religion, Benjamin left out all the qualities of the Godhead, utterly dispensed with the mystery of creation. The universe once set up, it has only to be kept running. For this purpose it has an efficient manager in Providence. Providence sees that the business of the universe—that great and complicated factory of revolving worlds—is kept profitably going. The output of human life increases with each generation, and there is a corresponding increase in the necessities of life. Providence is then entirely successful, and the earthly business is a paying concern.

Such is the open, flagrant statement which America makes, a hundred and fifty years after the religious arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers. The process of the will-to-control has worked so swiftly, in its activity of mystic destructive metabolism, that in a hundred and fifty years it has reduced the living being to this automatic entity.

The religious truth is the same now as it ever has been: that preceding all our knowledge or will or effort is the central creative mystery, out of which issues the strange and for ever unaccountable emanation of creation: that the universe is a bush which burns for ever with the Presence, consuming itself and yet never consumed; it burns with new flowers and with crumpling leaves that fall to ash; for ever new flowers on the way out of the mystic centre of creation which is within the bush—central and omnipresent; for ever old leaves falling. We cannot know where the quick of next year's roses lies, within the tree. In what part, root or stem or branch, is to be found the presence of next year's apples? We cannot answer. And yet we know that they are within the living body of the tree, nowhere and everywhere.

So, within the living body of the universe, and within the living soul of man, central and omnipresent, in the fingers and lips and eyes and feet, as in the heart and bowels, and in the

marshes as in the stars, lies the Presence, never to be located, yet never to be doubted, because it is *always* evident to our living soul, the Presence from which issues the first fine-shaken impulse and prompting of new being, eternal creation which is always Now. All time is central within this ever-present creative Now.

Central is the mystery of Now, the creative mystery, what we have called the Godhead. It pulses for ever, in the motion of creation, drawing all things towards itself. And the running waves, as they travel towards the perfect centre of the revealed, now are buds, and infants, and children; further back, they are seed-scales and moving seed-leaves, and caterpillars; and further back, they are sun and water and the elements moving towards the centre of pure Now, of perfect creative Presence. And in the outflow, the waves travel back. And the first waves are the people with hair tinged with grey, and flowers passing into fruit, and leaves passing into water and fire and mould, and the elements ebbing asunder into the great chaos, and further than the great chaos into the infinite. The reality of realities is the rose in flower, the man and woman in maturity, the bird in song, the snake in brindled colour, the tiger in his stripes. In these, past and present and future are at one, the perfect Now. This is wholeness and pure creation. So there is a ripple and shimmer of the universe, ripples of futurity running towards the Now, out of the infinite, and ripples of age and the autumn, glimmering back towards the infinite. And rocking at all times on the shimmer are the perfect lotus flowers of immanent Now, the lovely beings of consummation.

The quick of wholeness lies in this gleaming Now. But the whole of wholeness lies in the ebbing haste of child-faced futurity, the consummation of presence, and the lapse of sun-set-coloured old age. This is completeness, the childish haste towards the consummation, the perfect revelation, the pure Presence, when we are fully a flower and present, the great *adsum* of our being, and then the slow retreat of becoming old.

There is, however, the false Now, as well as the mystic Now. Perpetual youth, or perpetual maturity, this is the false Now—as roses that never fall are false roses. The remaining steady, fixed, this is the false Now. And as the consummation into the whole infinite is the antithesis of pure Presence, so is Eternity the antithesis of the mystic Present, the great Now. For eternity is but the sum of the whole past and the whole future, the complete *outside* or negation of being.

In Europe the desire to become infinite, one with the All, was the adolescent desire to know everything and to be everything. The mystic passion for infinitude is the ultimate of all our passion for love, oneness, equality. It is all an adolescent process. It is a process which comes to a conclusion, and out of which mankind must issue, as the individual man issues from his period of loving and seeking, into the assured magnificence of maturity. This experience of infinitude, oneness with the all, is the ultimate communion wherein the individual is merged into wholeness with all things, through love. But it is no goal. The individual must emerge from this bath of love, as from the baths of blood in the old religions, initiated, fulfilled, entering on the great state of independent maturity.

In America, however, the state of oneness was soon reached. The Pilgrim Fathers soon killed off in their people the spontaneous impulses and appetites of the self. By a stern discipline and a fanatic system of repression, they subdued every passion into rigid control. And they did it quickly. England lapsed again into exuberance and self-indulgence. She produced her Congreves and Addisons and Smolletts, and Robert Burns. But America moved on in one line of inexorable repression.

Now there are two kinds of oneness among mankind. First there is that ecstatic sense, religious and mystic, of uplifting into union with all men, through love. This experience we all know, more or less. But, secondly, there is the hard, practical state of being at one with all men, through suppression and elimination of those things which make differences—passions, prides, impulses of the self which cause disparity between one being and another. Now it seems as if, in America, this negative, destructive form of oneness predominated from the first, a oneness attained by destroying all incompatible elements in each individual, leaving the pattern or standard man.

So that whilst Europe was still impulsively struggling on towards a consummation of love, expressed in Shelley or Verlaine or Swinburne or Tolstoi, a struggle for the mystic state of communion in being, America, much quicker and more decisive, was cutting down every human being towards a common standard, aiming at a homogeneous oneness through elimination of incommutable factors or elements, establishing a standardised humanity, machine-perfect.

This process of strangling off the impulses took place in

Europe as in America. Spontaneous movement distinguishes one individual from another. If we remove the spontaneous or impulsive factor, and substitute deliberate purposiveness, we can have a homogeneous humanity, acting in unison. Hence the ideal Reason of the eighteenth century.

So man has a great satisfaction, at a certain period in his development, in seizing control of his own life-motion, and making himself master of his own fate. The desire is so strong it tends to become a lust. It became a lust in the French and in the American. Jean Jacques Rousseau had a fundamental lust for fingering and knowing and directing every impulse, as it was born. He intercepted every one of his feelings as it arose, caught it with his consciousness and his will, then liberated it again, so that he might watch it act within the narrow field of his own observation and permission.

All this was part of the process of oneing, the process of forming a deliberate, self-conscious, self-determined humanity which, in the acceptance of a common idea of equality and fraternity, should be quite homogeneous, unified, ultimately dispassionate, rational, utilitarian. The only difference was that whilst the European ideal remained one of mystic, exalted consciousness of oneness, the ideal in America was a practical unison for the producing of the means of life.

Rousseau analysed his feelings, got them into control in order to luxuriate in their workings. He enjoyed a mental voluptuousness in watching and following the turn of his self-permitted sensations and emotions, as one might watch a wild creature tamed and entrapped and confined in a small space. Franklin, on the other hand, had his voluptuous pleasure in subduing and reducing all his feelings and emotions and desires to the material benefit of mankind.

To seize life within his own will, and control it by precept from his own consciousness, made him as happy as it now makes us sick. With us it is a sick, helpless process. We perceive at last that if we cannot act direct and spontaneous from the centre of creative mystery which is in us, we are nothing. It is no good any more giving us choice—our free will is of no use to us if we no longer have anything to choose. It only remains for us now, in the purest sense, to choose not-to-choose.

Franklin, however, proceeded with joy to seize the life-issues, to get everything into his own choice and will. His God was no longer a creative mystery—He was a reasonable Providence or Producer. And man, being made in the image

of God, he too is at his highest a little Providence or Producer of the means of life. Production is the criterion of Godliness, which leads us to the plausible, self-righteous, altruistic materialism of our modern world. The difference between production and creation is the difference between existence and being, function and flowering, mechanical force and life itself.

Franklin proceeded to automatise himself, to subdue life so that it should work automatically to his will. Like Rousseau, he makes a confession of his life. But he is purely self-congratulatory. He tells us in detail how he worked out the process of reducing himself to a deliberate entity. This deliberate entity, this self-determined man, is the very Son of Man, man made by the power of the human will, a virtuous Frankenstein monster.

Almost scientifically, Franklin broke the impulses in himself. He drew up a list of virtues, established a set of fixed principles—strictly machine-principles—and by these he proceeded to control his every motion. The modern virtue is machine-principle, meaning the endless repetition of certain sanctioned motions. The old *virtus* meant just the opposite, the very impulse itself, the creative gesture, drifting out incalculable from human hands.

Franklin's list of virtues is as follows:—

1.

TEMPERANCE.

Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.

2.

SILENCE.

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3.

ORDER.

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4.

RESOLUTION.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5.

FRUGALITY.

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself—*i.e.*, waste nothing.

6.

INDUSTRY.

Lose no time, be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary action.

7.

SINCERITY.

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8.

JUSTICE.

Wrong done by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9.

MODERATION.

Avoid extremes, forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10.

CLEANLINESS.

Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.

11.

TRANQUILLITY.

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accident common or unavoidable.

12.

CHASTITY.

Rarely use venery but for health and offspring, never to dullness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13.

HUMILITY.

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

The last clause or item, of humility, Franklin added because a Quaker friend told him he was generally considered proud. Truly he had something to be proud of.

He practised these virtues with ardour and diligence. He drew up a table, giving each of the virtues a column to itself, and having the date, like a calendar, down the side. And every day he put a mark against himself for every lapse of virtue. Unfortunately, he does not give us his marked chart —we might have an even closer view of his character had he done so. He only tells us that the black column was that of "Order." In every other virtue he had considerable proficiency. But he *could not* make himself tidy and neat in his

business and in his surroundings, not even to the end of his days. So he tells us.

This is his one weakness, his Achilles heel. Had he not had this harmless failing, he would have been the very Frankenstein of virtue. There is something slightly pathetic, slightly ridiculous, and, if we look closer, a little monstrous, about the snuff-coloured doctor. He worked so diligently and seriously. He was so alive, full of inquisitive interest and eager activity. He had his club for discussing philosophic questions, he made his printing business prosper, he had the streets of Philadelphia swept and lighted, he invented his electric appliances, he was such a straight-principled member of all the important Councils of Philadelphia—then of the American Colonies themselves. He defended himself with such sturdy, snuff-coloured honesty in England, and against his enemies in America, and in France. He wrestled with such indomitable integrity with the French Court, a little, indomitable, amazingly clever and astute, and at the same time amazingly disingenuous, virtuous man, winning from the fine and decadent French such respect, and such huge sums of money to help the Americans in their struggle for Independence. It is a wonderful little snuff-coloured figure, so admirable, so *clever*, a little pathetic, and, somewhere, ridiculous and detestable.

He is like a child, so serious and earnest. And he is like a little old man, even when he is young, so deliberate and reasoned. It is difficult to say which he is—a child or a little old man. But when we come to grips he is neither. In his actuality he is a dreadful automaton, a mechanism. He is a printer, and a philosopher, and an inventor, and a scientist, and a patriot, and a writer of "Poor Richard" jokes for the calendar, and he is virtuous and scrupulous and of perfect integrity. But he is never a man. It did not seem to matter at all to him that he himself was an intrinsic being. He saw himself as a little unit in the vast total of society. All he wanted was to run well, as a perfect little wheel within the whole.

The beauty of incomparable *being* was nothing to him. The inestimable splendidness of a man who is purely himself, distinct and incommutable, a thing of pure, present reality, this meant nothing to Benjamin. He liked comeliness, cleanliness, healthiness, and profusion of the means of life. He could never see that the only riches of the earth is in free, whole, incomparable beings, each man mystically himself, and

distinct, mystically distinguished. To him, men were like coin to be counted up, coin interchangeable.

He was, perhaps, the most admirable little automaton the world has ever seen, the invention of the human will, working according to good principles. So far as affairs went, he was admirable. As far as life goes, he is monstrous.

If we look in the little almanacks or booklets that are printed in England, in out-of the-way corners, even to-day, we shall find humorous, trite paragraphs, where "Poor Richard" is the speaker, and which are little object-lessons to one or another of the "virtues"—economy, or frugality, or modesty. Franklin wrote these almanacks when he was still a young man—more than a hundred and fifty years ago—and they are still printed, now as then, for the poor and vulgar to profit by. They are always trite and, in a measure, humorous, and always shrewd, and always flagrantly material. Franklin had his humour, but it was always of the "don't-put-all-your-eggs-in-one-basket" sort. It always derided the spontaneous, impulsive, or extravagant element in man, and showed the triumph of cautious, calculated, virtuous behaviour. Whatever else man must be, he must be deliberate. He must live entirely from his consciousness and his will. Once he lives from his consciousness and his will, it will follow as a matter of course that he lives according to the given precepts, because that is both easiest and most profitable.

We do, perhaps, get a glimpse of a really wondering young Franklin, where he has still the living faculty for beholding with instinct the world around him—when he was a printer's workman, in London, for a short time. But the glimpse is soon over. He is back in America, and is all American, a very model of a man, as if a machine had made him.

He was so dreadfully all-of-a-piece, his attitude is always so consistent and urbane. He has to go to the frontiers of his State, to settle some disturbance among the Indians. And on this occasion he writes:—

"We found they had made a great bonfire in the middle of the square; they were all drunk, men and women quarrelling and fighting. Their dark-coloured bodies, half naked, seen only by the gloomy light of the bonfire, running after and beating one another with fire-brands, accompanied by their horrid yellings, formed a scene the most resembling our ideas of hell that could be well imagined. There was no appeasing the tumult, and we retired to our lodging. At midnight a

number of them came thundering at our door, demanding more rum, of which we took no notice.

"The next day, sensible they had misbehaved in giving us that disturbance, they sent three of their counsellors to make their apology. The orator acknowledged the fault, but laid it upon the rum, and then endeavoured to excuse the rum by saying: 'The Great Spirit, who made all things, made everything for some use; and whatever he designed anything for, that use it should always be put to. Now, when he made rum, he said: "Let this be for the Indians to get drunk with." And it must be so.'

"And, indeed, if it be the design of Providence to extirpate these savages in order to make room for the cultivators of the earth, it seems not improbable that rum may be the appointed means. It has already annihilated all the tribes who formerly inhabited all the sea coast——"

This, from the good doctor, with such suave complacency, is a little disenchanting. But this is what a Providence must lead to. A Providence is a Provider for the universe, and the business of the provider is to get rid of every waster, even if this waster happen to be part of the self-same created universe. When man sets out to have all things his own way he is bound to run up against a great many men. Even to establish the ideal of equality he has to reckon with the men who do really feel the force of inequality. And then equality sharpens his axe. He becomes a great leveller, cutting off all tall men's heads. For no man must be taller than Franklin, who is middle-sized.

Nevertheless, this process of attaining to unison by conquering and subduing all impulses, this removing of all those individual traits which make for separateness and diversity, had to be achieved and accomplished. It is not until man has utterly seized power over himself, and gained complete knowledge of himself, down to the most minute and shameful of his desires and sensations, that he can really begin to be free. Then, when man knows *all*, both shameful and good, that is in man; and when he has control over every impulse, both good and bad; then, and only then, having utterly bound and fettered himself in his own will and his own self-conscious knowledge, will he learn to make the great choice, the choice between automatic self-determining, and mystic, spontaneous freedom.

When the great Greek-Christian will-to-knowledge is fulfilled; and when the great barbaric will-to-power is also

satisfied; then, perhaps, man can recognise that neither power nor knowledge is the ultimate man's attainment, but only *being;* that the pure reality lies not in any infinitude, but in the mystery of the perfect *unique* self, incommutable; not in any eternity, but in the sheer Now.

The quick and issue of our being stands previous to any control, prior to all knowledge. The centre of creative mystery is primal and central in every man, but in each man it is unique and incommutable. When we know *all things* about ourselves we shall know this, know, and enter upon our being. But first we must know all things, both bad and good. For this, the great liberating truth, is the last to be realised, the very last.

When we know that the unique, incommutable creative mystery of the Self is within us and precedes us, then we shall be able to take our full being from this mystery. We shall at last learn the pure lesson of knowing not-to-know. We shall know so perfectly that in fulness of knowledge we shall yield to the mystery, and become spontaneous in full consciousness. Our will will be so strong that we can simply, through sheer strength, defer from willing, accepting the spontaneous mystery, and saving it in its issue from the mechanical lusts of righteousness or power.

Clarence

By Blamire Young

The Staff Hut had finished its evening meal and was relaxed in the enjoyment of its recreative hour. The Beautiful Youth, while baring the superb muscles of his arms, was addressing us upon the advantages of the Aldershot method of development, his ulterior purpose being to focus our attention upon the display he was going to give us. He did this every evening, and while the display was in progress never liked our attention to wander. In this the Sweet Singer never failed him, as some of us did, his enthusiasm being constant, and night after night as the "short arm" lengthened to the "long arm," after heroic struggles, his cheers were apparently spontaneous and hearty. I knew very little about "Gyms," but I sometimes wondered how it was that the struggle was equally severe every time. Jock's inattention to these evening performances was sufficiently marked to have been intentional. He generally played "patience" with a bored air. To be quite honest I would have preferred to read, but a constitutional weakness of purpose allowed me to be drawn regularly into the circle, and I became accepted as one of the worshippers.

He was pointing to the contours of the upper part of the arm and distinguishing between the "Biceps" and the "Triceps," as he habitually did, when the door suddenly opened and "Clarence" came in. None of us had ever seen him before in our lives, but when George said quite naturally "Hello! Clarence," he was christened there and then, and "Clarence" he remained for the rest of his stay amongst us. His appearance was not soldierly or prepossessing. He wore a great-coat of the usual "Tommy" pattern, very old and sloppy, and carried two kit bags on his back. His boots were two or three sizes too large for him, and he had bandy legs. He stood at the door and smiled at us with a winning, boyish smile, and gazed at us through a pair of eyes that looked in two different directions at once. He then put down the kit bags and withdrew a thick stick that had supported them. The stick was wrapped up in a spiral roll of paper as though

it were very precious. He undid the paper and revealed a malacca cane with a massive silver head, and at once informed us that it had been presented to him on leaving the place, wherever it was, that he had just come from.

"Do any of you blokes want to buy a stick?" he asked.

"Where did you get it?"

"A tart give it me."

"What do you want for it?"

"A couple o' bob."

No business resulted, so the Beautiful Youth proceeded with the gymnastic display and Clarence added himself to the circle of spectators. He smiled as before, and looked at the performer first through one eye, then through the other, and noted the result of the feats of strength upon the spectators.

"I'll now try a 'long arm' on the legs of the chair," explained the gymnast. "I used to be able to do this at 'the shop,' but I'm a bit out of practice. This bayonet work tears a man to pieces."

The chair was laid on its back and its front legs were grasped in the two delicate hands. After an impressive pause there was a creak. Two well-formed legs waved a moment or two in the neighbourhood of the roof and the Beautiful Youth descended gracefully on to his rubber shoes and gave the regulation little jump that gives finish to the turn.

"I couldn't hold it that time, the chair wobbles a bit. But you see the idea. Takes a bit of doing, you know."

"You got a bit nearer than last night, old man," said the Sweet Singer. "Gad, I thought you'd got the blinking thing!"

A respectful murmur went round, and Clarence spread his smile a little further and twinkled appreciatively.

"I'll have another shot in a minute. Why don't somebody else have a go? You chaps have no enterprise! It's best to start against the wall. Of course, I'll hold you and see that you don't hurt yourselves. Come on, one of you!"

"Not me." "No, thanks." "Napoo!" came from here and there.

Clarence put his head on one side and cocked an eye. He got up and took off his great-coat, revealing much-stained trousers, baggy and torn. In his wonderful boots he sidled round the chair, regarding it pleasantly with one eye and watching us with the other. Gratification showed plainly on the chiselled face of the Beautiful Youth at the homage paid by the newcomer. To mark his pleasure he permitted him-

self to invite Clarence to try his hand, but the invitation was given in a way that implied that there was not the remotest chance of it being accepted—certainly not accomplished. Clarence smiled humbly and stopped in front of the chair. Suddenly his smile vanished. He bent down and grasped the legs in a pair of very dirty hands. In a flash he raised his boots in the air and balanced himself at the full extent of his arms. His tunic fell down and covered his head. Then he slowly lowered himself until his head was between the two chair legs. Next he straightened up again, keeping the balance perfectly all the time. From here by a quick movement he left the chair, and before we knew what had happened he was walking round the ring on his hands, the great nails in his boots displaying their polished surfaces as he moved about. Then with an arm-spring he flew into the air and landed on his feet, smiling and humble as before.

The effect on the onlookers was mostly consternation. The exhibition was in such complete contrast to the appearance of the exhibitor. Jock, of course, who never admits himself deceived, explained afterwards that he had spotted something in Clarence's bearing that proclaimed the gymnast. Apart from that the hut was thunderstruck. As for me, the feeling uppermost in my mind was sympathy for the Beautiful Youth. This sudden and unexpected defeat at the hands of this misshapen piece of neo-military humanity seemed humiliating enough to be almost a personal outrage. Whether the others did so I don't know, but for me, I could not turn my eyes towards our fallen idol. I don't know how he looked, because I felt that a direct examination of his behaviour at that terrible moment would have been ungenerous and unpardonable. There was no suspicion of vain-glory or arrogance about Clarence. I don't think he was aware of the tenseness of the situation, or that he had brought about the collapse of an heroic figure. He hoped that he had contributed to the general entertainment when he gave us of his best. How could he know of the long perspective of these evening displays, wherein the splendid performer had toiled to accomplish a mere fraction of what Clarence had done with such superb finish in the first attempt, wearing those ponderous boots while he did it.

The line taken by the Beautiful Youth was this. He at once seized a rifle and launched into a display of bayonet work. We were thankful at the change of topic, and in loyalty to him we threw ourselves into the opening offered to

us and encouraged him to show his proficiency in this his special branch of physical culture.

How earnestly we wished afterwards that we hadn't.

The "muscle merchants," as the army calls its professors of "Gyms," have to work at a certain disadvantage. That is to say, they are perforce theorists, having, as a rule, no Service experience behind them. They lay down laws of attack and defence, of thrust and parry; but they have never probably thrust their bayonets through anything more formidable than a bag full of straw. They do this magnificently, it is admitted, but it stops there. Now the Beautiful Youth when he had demonstrated an amazing thrust, theoretically unanswerable, paused for applause. When that had been supplied in full measure Clarence was understood to say that it was not much use teaching men that sort of thing.

"And why not?" asked the expert.

"Well, I know that's how they tell yer to do it at Aldershot, but when you're out there it's best to leave all that fancy business alone."

"Rot, man! What's true here is true there. Do you think we waste our time teaching men what's no use to them?"

"O' course, you tell 'em the tale, old man, no one better. But then, yer see, I've got an advantage over you."

"An advantage! Well, I'm damned! What advantage is it you refer to?" This, with some hauteur, as the novelists say.

Clarence turned on his blandest smile and said apologetically:

"It was at Noove Chapel where I found out my advantage. We were clearing the bounders out of the trenches at the right of the brickyard, and the lads were giving 'em cold steel. We had it all our own way until a big Prussian came down the trench and put up a fight on his own account. He had a long reach, and he laid out four of our blokes in four thrusts. Then it came to my turn. I stood on guard and he came at me swearing like 'ell. I feinted, and he pulled up and looked at me. He looked again, puzzled-like. Do you know why? He didn't know which eye I was looking at him with, and before he could make up his mind, I gave him the point—and napoo!!! You can't teach men that trick, mister! It's not in the book."

Swank (ii)

By T. Dove Keighley

SWANK sometimes is like the scientist's description of dirt as matter in the wrong place. There are occasions when it proves less amusing than antagonising. The Liberal, John Morley, when as Viscount Morley he addressed the House of Lords in 1907 upon new policy in Indian Government, could not in recommending himself to his new colleagues refrain from giving utterance to the cheap tag, "That England had won India by the sword and she would hold it with the sword," a sword, however, that less than ten years afterwards bent double in the futile fingers of its holder when put to the test in Mesopotamia. So much so that upon the discovery of it to the world Mr. E. S. Montagu is hustled off to India to put affairs upon a firmer basis.

But Viscount Morley had been a student of Machiavelli, that dear, delightful torch-bearer of autocracy, the god in the car of every little Foreign Office aspirant throughout all the Chancelleries of Europe, and whose works are their Bible. Machiavelli was indeed the champion of Swank, a very "knut" of the Renaissance, a large man whose clothes hang in absurd folds upon "the little great" of the present day, who now in these days strut in his garments. A delightful story he tells in a letter to a friend, how, in his salad days, back from an all-night revel with his boon companions, he enters into his chamber, changes his soiled clothes as unfitting for the enjoyment of the spiritual companionship of the works he takes from his bookshelves, and so passes to the small hours of the morning.

Why was Ulster "planted" by Cromwell, and why did his less humble imitator, Lord Milner, make the attempt to follow his example in South Africa? Listen to the words of their master, Machiavelli :—

> The other and better course is to send colonies (settlers) to one or two places which may be as keys to that State, for it is necessary either to do this or else to keep there a great number of cavalry and infantry. A Prince (=a State) does

not spend much on colonies, for with little or no expense he can send them out, and keep them there, and he offends a minority only of the citizens from which he takes lands and houses to give them to the new inhabitants; and those whom he offends remaining poor and scattered are never able to injure him, whilst the rest being uninjured are easily kept quiet (?) and at the same time are anxious not to err for fear it should happen to them as it has to those who have been despoiled.

In conclusion, I say that these colonies (settlers) are not costly; they are more faithful; they injure less, and the injured, as has been said, being poor and scattered, cannot hurt. Upon this one has to remark that men ought either to be well treated or crushed, because they can avenge themselves of lighter injuries, of more serious ones they cannot; therefore the injury that is to be done to a man ought to be of such a kind that one does not stand in fear of revenge.

Hoity toity! Very pretty doctrine. But our Lord Milner, the modern Machiavelli, had not reckoned with such lions in his path as Botha and Smuts, and happily Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman later on came to the rescue with "Stop that fooling." Should these principles now be applied to India such serpents of wisdom as the late Gopal Krishna Gokhale and Rabindranath Tagore would fortunately make themselves heard—either here or in the United States—then so much the worse for Merrie England.

Not to mince matters, our masters, if not our pastors, have borrowed from Germany and the Middle Ages without acknowledgment what they describe as statecraft, which amounts with our English statesmen to, "If you don't do as I tell you, I'll damned soon make you and damn the consequences," cloaked under the magic of that word "discipline." It has been invoked in the past by every headmaster who didn't know his business. We have to thank Sir Edward Carson that in April, 1914, "discipline," as a fetish, was buried, and the late never-to-be-forgotten Lord Roberts pronounced its funeral obsequies in the last speech, or oration, he made in the House of Lords, July 6th, 1914. Very gallant gentleman that he was, he recognised that conscience, though elastic, might revolt on occasion. These were his memorable words:—

Discipline may be of such well-conceived strength as is indeed the case with our Army, that it will dominate and

> override human nature *under almost every imaginable circumstance*, but it has inherent in itself the weakness of its artificiality, and it labours under this initial disadvantage when pitted against natural instincts. So much so is this the case that if you penetrate deep enough into the depths of human nature you will unfailingly reach in each one of us a stratum which is impervious to discipline or any other influence from without. The strongest manifestation of this truth lies in what men call *conscience*, an innate sense of right and wrong which neither reason nor man-made laws can affect;

and further on he said:

> It is useless at such a juncture to invoke the authority of the Constitution to raise fine points of law or to threaten pains and penalties. Such things matter not one jot when men's consciences are aroused.*

This, then, is "discipline," a means to an end when wielded by Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, Romanoffs, and *longo intervallo* Milners. It is the cloak for tyranny, and has its counterpart in the familiar figure of the British paterfamilias endeavouring to make his offspring like unto his own narrow-minded self, instead of allowing self-development to have its sway. The late Prince Consort was an exponent of it in its least pernicious form, *vide* Sir Arthur Helps; but its virus poisoned English life for two generations, and it needed a War of the Worlds to show up in its true colours the deadly effects of total subordination of the individual to the State, teaching to the former doctrines that when if ever he thought for himself he found himself scoffed at by freemen (?) as "unpatriotic."

"See things clearly, and see them whole," said one of our great masters. Ponder the words President Wilson addressed to Congress when he first became President of the United States, and then we shall realise that prior to 1914 how dangerously near we drifted to putting into practice those doctrines of absolutism, because, forsooth, they were tricked out in the garb of "efficiency." In like manner the glistening marble and weeping willows of the churchyard conceal the horrors of the charnel house beneath their shade.

When Marcus Clarke startled the English-speaking world with his novel, "For the Term of His Natural Life," fortu-

* From *The Times*' report of speech in the House of Lords.

nately he had the evidence of the Report of the Select Committee of Enquiry of the House of Commons to fall back upon to prove the truth of his narrative—but, in face of facts, and because Blue Books are regarded as dry and are uncomplimentary to our self-satisfaction, instead of being, as they are, the real material of history, our little Jack Horner Swank is belauded by Press and public alike when the "British Empire is discussed. No wonder that bold buccaneer, Cecil Rhodes, who helped to make it, found the "unctuous rectitude" of England suffocated him, and that he longed to return to the pure air of the high veldt.

The best of the South African millionaires are like unto him, and having found that the enjoyment of their freedom and pillage are not to be obtained in England make their home in the country where they gathered fortune unto themselves.

Once let us clear our minds of cant and get down to facts if we are candid with ourselves we shall have to admit that the Prussian attitude towards life has been ours, however unconsciously. A well-instructed man loves order in his surroundings, whether he be endowed with the fortune of others or is the architect of his own. He knows its benefit; he endeavours to enforce it upon others. So far so good; but it is when he puts human nature upon one side, and narrows the whole of life to his own measure that the trouble begins.

Before putting off the motley of the swanking grasshopper to assume the sober uniform of the more useful ant, and as the installation of a statue in London of the great Abraham Lincoln appears likely to assume the proportions of a burning question, I cannot forbear relating a story illustrating how dangerous it is to swank on the cheap. A certain excellent South African millionaire built himself a lordly pleasure-house in which to dwell not a hundred miles from Park Lane. Its architecture was admirable, but the swanky adornments of British sculpture left something to be desired. He died, poor fellow, before his genius had quite come to fruition, and his house was something of a white elephant to his executors. At last, however, it found a purchaser in an Anglo-Indian whose admiration for art, and fear of ridicule, did not permit of his retaining the sculptural enrichments of his new possession. With the cleverness of his race and the shrewdness of his ancestors—he was of Semitic origin—he cast about him for a means of disposing of these figures to the best advantage; he remembered that he had found healthful leisure at a fashionable watering place not many miles from the metro-

polis, and so with oriental magnificence he presented them to the municipal authorities of that town, and there they are to this day cheek by jowl with the pleasure house of a sovereign whose memory is ever revered by the town in question. Such is irreverence born of Swank, that whenever I pass by I think of the owner of town lots who, wishing the foundations of future houses provided for him free of expense, puts up a notice board to all and sundry, "Rubbish may be shot here." Apropos of statues, I am afraid the subtle satire of the sporting and anonymous donor has escaped the eagle eye of Sir Claude Phillips, the well-informed art critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, who deplores the position of Cromwell's statue in the precincts of the House of Lords standing as a perpetual menace to all and sundry of that august body to mind their P's and Q's, or a Cromwell of a later age may order them "to cease their fooling."

We ought to be a business nation; to create and develop our capital should be our aim. To produce fine sons and daughters and develop by their labour the lands they inhabit should be the problem of the future. The "long time" which is so often paraded in a sentence as an excuse for postponement of effort means at its minimum in fruition fifteen years, at its maximum sixty-six. "Mother-craft" should, in the future, precede "statecraft"; and when childhood is merged into adolescence, Government, as such, the live-long joy of the bureaucrat, will, if the *spade-work* of education has been properly done, be reduced to a minimum.

It is a favourite plea of the inefficient and overworked general practitioner that infant mortality is to be attributed to the ignorance of the mother. I seem to remember a similar bleat on the part of a statesman (?) when the children were dying like flies in the concentration camps in South Africa.

It was the commission of English women sent out from England who brought this state of things to an end, and not the governing powers upon the spot. I should not have touched upon this subject here as belonging to the past records of exclusively male administration; I would prefer to let the dead bury their dead; but people do not read the Blue-books where the mundane equivalent of the recording angel makes hay of some of our most cherished illusions. Anyone who is interested in the subject, and is disinclined to snoozle in comfortable ignorance, let them make a few inquiries as to what has been done in Bradford (Yorks), and at Deptford by Miss Margaret McMillan, C.B.E. Dr. Jane Walker, of

Harley Street, London, speaking at the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, held in London in October, 1917, said :—

> We needed a Ministry of Health because our present methods were entirely inadequate. We had acquiesced during peace time in overcrowding, and in a great many maternal deaths in childbirth, while the infantile mortality was shameful. There was one statement that always made her furious, and it was that infantile mortality should be set down to the ignorance of the mother. It had nothing to do with the ignorance of mothers. The country was now becoming awakened to the enormities that had been allowed to go on, and to recognise that healthy lives were the largest assets of any nation.

At Foxley, Malmesbury, during the harvest festival, the rector warned the female members of his congregation against marrying Germans, saying, "It would be a disgrace to our womankind to increase the population of such a country, and to lavish their affection on offspring who almost from birth would be taught to hate England." The reverend gentleman need have no cause for alarm. There is a more simple method that our "German cousins" can adopt: by advertising in our provincial newspapers for nurse-children for adoption, and shipping them off to Germany to form the cannon fodder for the future. Machiavelli is not dead.

The first charge upon the energies of the United Kingdom should be the production of such a proportion of the vitalising foods that are necessary for the support of its inhabitants as will render the country free from the fear of starvation, and are chemically the best for the provision of life's constituents. There are products of the soil of this country that may be grown in rotation that contain the latent energy which will place us in a position to take the lead economically of any country in the world.

Cereals and Rootcrops.	*Fruits.*	*Potatoes.*
Wheat, Maize, Oats, Barley, Turnips, Mangels, Swedes.	Apples, Pears, Plums.	For distillation of alcohol.
Beetroot for its sugar property.		

We already raise the best live stock in the world, as Argentina can testify.

Human energy is derived from the soil, to be nourished in its turn by the phosphates and ammonias summarised as

manure; mechanical energy from the sun, translated into coal, oil, wood, and *alcohol*. Germany distilled 70 million gallons of alcohol the year before the war from potatoes alone. Is our only use for alcohol to soak in it? We imported nearly 150 million gallons of petroleum. Germany had in 1913 nearly 54,000 spirit distilleries; we had 159. Petrol has been annexed by the Government, and it is a plank in the Labour programme for the Government to nationalise our coal supply. Cannot we recognise the potentialities of alcohol otherwise than for drink? Natural sources of energy are the means of national vitalisation. Niagara and the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi are an illustration of what I mean. The latter will assuredly attract attention as having entered upon the dividend paying stage.

I wonder it has never occurred to anyone to ask themselves why such amateurs in statecraft as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Munroe, Abraham Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson have so successfully piloted their country during the last 140 years, notwithstanding the predatory predilections of the monarchies of Europe. The answer is very simple. They had no fear except that they might do "wrong." How "afraid" our own Foreign Office must have been when the Romanoff Chancellery announced its intention of having Constantinople as one of the prizes of war, and how "afraid," again, that she would sign a separate peace if we did not acquiesce. No, it is to France that we must turn, "*Faites le droit, advienne que pourra.*" That bugle note will be the last post of the damnable diplomacy which has made fear and its first-born "grab" the reason of Europe's cockpit.

Communal interest in the common cause, enabling every son and daughter of Eve to keep smiling, should be as easy of accomplishment as the regimentation of mankind for destruction if once the common cause is determined. The reason man makes peace with his brother man so difficult is that as a survival of the apotheosis of the hunter, his only method of swanking at his best is "to kill something." Now woman is creating all the time, and that is why the advent of women in the direction of affairs that deal with life may be made the reincarnation of a new world, and thank goodness her voice in affairs has come to stay. The war has shown things in their true perspective—man, speaking generally, as the destroyer; woman as the creator. When we take stock after the war we shall see what a sad business it has been unless the Hohenzollerns have gone the way of the Romanoffs, with the

Hapsburgs bringing up the rear with "Tina" and Ferdinand. We can be justly proud of our national physical laboratory at Teddington, and when we lead the world in health, education, and scientific earth culture we can afford to swank less over the past glories of Crecy, Agincourt, and Waterloo, and shall know there are victories in the art of living not less glorious than those won on the field of battle.

Then, and not till then, shall we all have cause to swank.

The Actress

By Arthur Eckersley

The doctor came slowly down the hospital staircase, and opened the door of the room in which the woman, whose arrival had been announced to him, was waiting.

"It was good of you to come," he said.

She bowed, but did not move from her position with her back to the window. "When you urged it so strongly I could naturally do no less," she answered in a voice strikingly clear, yet hard. "At the same time——"

"At the same time, the request, and the manner of its making, seem no doubt unusual. It was for this reason that I wished to see you alone, for a moment, before asking you to carry out the purpose for which I invited you here."

She hesitated. "I knew the man hardly at all; I believe I only saw him once—that time——"

"But that once was on a sufficiently striking occasion. Emotionally speaking, it perhaps should count as more than the chance encounter that it actually was."

"He saved my life—if that's what you mean." There was now a certain impatience in the woman's voice, as though the whole matter had already begun to get on her nerves. The man who addressed her was quick to see this; he adopted another tone.

"Please forgive me if I have acted wrongly. In the interest of a patient, I relied upon the generosity of an entire stranger. You have proved me right by coming here. It was a gamble" —he smiled—"but so far it has succeeded. Will you bear with me for a moment if I tell you what, now you are here, I want you to do?"

The woman inclined her head; and, in response to his gesture of invitation, seated herself, still with her back to the window. She had not removed her cloak, or raised the veil that hid her face. In her manner as she sat thus, silently expectant, was a suggestion of hostility, of which the other was acutely conscious. It made him select his words the more carefully.

"To begin with the circumstances of the case, so far as I

know them. As you have yourself said, some years ago the man who lies upstairs saved your life. It was, I understand, a deed of rather unusual heroism."

She assented quickly. "Have I ever denied it, or been unmindful——?"

"On the contrary. It was by means of the letters that you from time to time sent, every one of which he has kept, that I was able to trace your address, and to send you the request that you have so generously answered."

"He had kept them?" The thought seemed to interest her, though whether with pity, or another emotion, could not be told.

"The whole series, a case full, was taken from an inner pocket when he was picked up at the time of the accident."

"One moment. How did that happen? You have told me nothing."

"It happened chiefly because he was, as usual, quite hopelessly drunk," said the doctor. This time, unmistakably, he had succeeded in startling her, though she attempted to disguise the fact.

"I did not know——" she began, and paused.

"From the tone of your letters to him I had gathered as much. Naturally I was obliged to read these, and I saw plainly that you had no idea of his actual position."

"What was that?"

"Sufficiently tragic. Perhaps I might call it the other side of heroism, because it illustrates an aspect of this about which the world, as a rule, hears little. Even you, for example, appear not to have known the worst consequences of his sacrifice, his loss of sight."

A little cry escaped her. It became clear to the speaker that this cold, repellent figure was, after all, human. He continued more gently,

"One eye was injured by the actual fire; during the long illness that was brought on by shock this injury spread to the other; and when at last he was discharged from hospital he was blind. Worse than that, it had become apparent that the harm was more than physical, and that, to some extent at least, he was failing in mind also."

"Why was I not told?" she exclaimed sharply. "Surely there was someone who might have told me!"

"The explanation of that is really part of his tragedy. No one knew, because no one was allowed to know. He guarded his own secret too jealously. There were many who

would have been willing enough to help him if he had displayed what they would call a proper spirit, by which they mean principally a picturesque and appropriate humility. Unfortunately this attitude was from the first conspicuously wanting. Then, with the decay of his powers, came the drink—which, of course, widened the breach. He seems to have drifted very rapidly downwards.

The veiled woman was clasping her hands in agitation. "It's ghastly," she exclaimed, "that I, who was the cause, should have had no idea of all this."

"I felt sure that you would take that view." His voice was now many degrees more friendly. "But I have not yet told you all; and what is to come may have some consolation. The effect of your letters . . . . They seem to have exercised an altogether unusual influence, in keeping alive—how shall I put it?—a little flame of self-satisfaction, and respect. His knowledge of the prosperity and happiness for which he had saved you must have protected him, in a very remarkable degree, from the realities of his own misery. This ideal of you has evidently been for some years almost an obsession, and an altogether beneficent one." He paused. "I believe that you may be glad to know this!"

A full minute of silence followed upon these words of the doctor. Then his companion spoke, in a voice that she was clearly controlling with an effort.

"You yourself—how did you learn it all?"

"One learns many things in attending upon delirium."

"Of course; I had forgotten. But it was not only to tell me of this that you asked me to come here to-day?"

"It was not." The doctor glanced at her searchingly; he seemed trying to gain some encouragement from her manner. "I want you to meet him. He cannot, of course, see you; but, if it is not already too late, I want him to have at least the reward of your presence, and of renewing from your own words the consolation that has sustained him so long. Lately, it has seemed at times as though he were beginning to doubt——"

She appeared to shrink at this, as though the request confirmed what had been her apprehension of it. "You said, 'If it is not too late'?"

"He cannot under any circumstances recover. One would not wish it. And, as I say, there have been signs. His increased clearness of mind is one of them. That was why I put my request so urgently. Is it too much to ask?"

For a moment it seemed that the woman was about to answer with a refusal. She half rose, then checked herself. There was a silence. When she spoke again all trace of feeling had been once more schooled into subjection.

"Forgive me," she said. "I was in danger of behaving melodramatically. I am, of course, entirely in your hands. Whatever you ask of me I will do."

In spite of this, however, a certain hesitation had by now been roused in the mind of the doctor, who, after all, was only using her as an instrument. What if this should fail in his hands?

"You are sure of yourself?" he asked bluntly. "If things are not actually what your letters have suggested, this interview will inevitably make some demands upon your control. Can you, if necessary, act what is not true?"

He had an odd feeling that the question, for some reason, amused her.

"I have been told so," she said. After a moment she added with a touch of the old impatience, "There is no need for you to look so alarmed. What I promise you can rely on. But—I should be glad to get it over."

The doctor nodded comprehension. The cold steadiness of her voice reassured him. "We will go upstairs at once," he said.

Above, in a room flooded with sunlight, a man was lying in bed. His head and sightless eyes were swathed in bandages; he lay so still that only from a slight movement of the long, incredibly wasted hand upon the coverlet could it be told that he lived. The doctor advanced towards the patient, leaving the strange woman standing by the door. In obedience to his gesture, a nurse, who had been sitting near the bed, rose silently and went out.

The doctor glanced down at the broken and desolate figure that had once been a man capable of the sublimest heroism. Better than anyone, he knew the full irony with which this had been rewarded; the slow deterioration of mind and body, that had brought him at last to such an end. But before that came there was one thing, at least, to be attempted.

He stooped and spoke, very slowly and clearly, putting his mouth close to the hidden face. "She is here," he said.

It was impossible to say whether the words had been understood or not, for they produced no response except the same restless plucking of the fingers. Was it already too late?

His face a shade more clouded, the doctor turned, and beckoned silently.

During their passage up the stairs, and through the long corridors, his companion had remained silent, giving no further hint of emotion. Now, as the doctor summoned her, she advanced towards the bed. Was it his imagination that already a subtle change, undefinable, had manifested itself in her bearing; that her actual movements were in some way transformed into those of a different and more gracious personality? The watcher stared in wonder.

Then she spoke, and at the sound of her first words suspicion became certainty. Low and soft, full of an extraordinary tenderness, could this be the cold voice that had so repelled him? To the doctor, already wrought upon by the interest of his experiment, the change was bewildering.

The effect of her speech was scarcely less wonderful. Gentle as the voice had been, it reached at once the mind of the half-conscious figure on the bed. The movement of the hand stopped suddenly; his whole frame seemed to listen. Then, "*You!*" The faint ghost of a human sound could but just be caught by the two watchers.

"My poor friend, you might have known that I should come directly they told me how ill you were. Do not try to speak; let me sit here beside you and tell you something about myself."

"Yes—yourself—not only—letters."

For a moment she turned her face, still covered by its veil, towards the doctor; then she slipped into the vacant chair beside the bed. "Ah, I could tell you so little in them of the wonderful happiness of my life, which I always hold —remember that—as a gift from you. Listen; can you hear me if I speak close like this?" A slight movement answered her. "Well, then, first my home. . . . If you could only see that . . .!"

The doctor thinks of all this now as among the strangest of his experiences. As he listened there was created for him a picture unforgettable. The impression came less from the words, telling of her life, of the beautiful home shared with an adoring husband and children, as from the content that breathed in every syllable; seeming to radiate from her as from one for whom the knowledge of harsh or unlovely things did not even exist. The spell of it held him like an enchantment.

Upon the sufferer it worked even more strongly. When

she ceased a little sigh of satisfaction broke from the maimed figure. "It—it was—me?" he whispered, as though to reassure himself again.

"It was from you, all of it!"

"Then—*that's all right.* I've known, all along—but to hear it—like this——!"

The heart of the doctor beat more quickly. The experiment had succeeded beyond his best hope. Suddenly the wraith-like voice sounded again.

"Put your hand on mine," it commanded. "No," as she obeyed, "not that one, the left."

The accuracy of his sense of touch was almost startling; but it could hardly be for this reason that the woman hesitated, to the watching eyes of the doctor, so perceptibly. Only for an instant, however, then she recovered herself. "Let me first take off my glove," she said.

The glove was off already, and her hand, as the doctor saw now, was bare of rings. With a rapid movement she took a little case from her pocket, and, opening it, drew out a wedding-ring, which she slipped on to her finger. The whole manœuvre had occupied only a few seconds. Then, as she laid her hand upon that which waited for it, the restless fingers closed eagerly about the golden circlet, as if this was the one touch needed to complete the impression.

Again she turned for an instant towards the doctor, who answered her mute inquiry with a nod. It was indeed evident that the interview had lasted long enough.

"I must go now," she whispered; "but I may come again, perhaps, on some other day——"

"There will be no other day." The faint voice had rallied to a surprising clearness. "But that's no hardship now, because you have made me see—that—everything—has been—quite—worth while."

This time the woman gave no answer in words; stooping swiftly, she lifted her veil, and laid her lips for an instant upon the strip of forehead that showed between the bandages.

"Goodbye, my dear, and thank you," she said. Then she rose, and for the first time the doctor saw her face. The light from the uncurtained window fell full upon it, showing its pallor, and the extraordinary beauty disfigured by a livid scar that ran from eye to chin. It cost him some effort to suppress an exclamation of horror.

Outside the closed door she stood for a moment, pulling down her veil. As she did this she glanced towards her com-

panion, who (for all his professional calm) was still shaken a little by the unexpected shock of what he had just seen.

"My husband did that," she said with a quiet and rather horrible simplicity. She had removed the ring from her finger; glancing down at it, she added, "It may explain why I no longer wear this. Fortunately, I had kept it within reach."

"I—I can hardly express my gratitude," said the man. His thoughts were racing. "But you saw for yourself what you have done. Whatever space of life is left to him has been changed entirely by—by what you have told him. It was wonderful."

He fancied that the tired lips, not quite hidden by the veil, curved slightly in a smile. "You asked me if I could act," she answered. "It may interest you to know that I get, or got, my living by it. My stage name is Paula Hemmingway."

Even upon the doctor, less familiar than most with the world of the theatre, the revelation produced by this name was what she had evidently expected. Hardly anyone, in those days, could be ignorant of the tragedy attaching to it; a story of public triumph screening a life the exposure of whose cruelty and misery had but lately startled the country.

"You see, I, too, needed my refuge from realities," she said.

Later, when the history of this woman had reached the end that seemed to the doctor (as he looked back upon their parting) already to have shadowed her, he was asked carelessly if he had ever seen Paula Hemmingway act.

"Once only," he said; adding, after a moment, "On that occasion I was very greatly impressed."

The Delusion of Super-Production

By Major C. H. Douglas

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the insistence with which we are told that in order to pay for the war we must produce more manufactured goods than ever before—a powerful section of the Press would have the whole military, political, social, and industrial policy of the Allied Governments directed to the purpose, that, when by a complete victory we have acquired control of raw material and disposed of our most dangerous competitor, we may adjust our internal differences and settle down to an unfettered era of commercial activity, from which all other desirable things will, it is suggested, proceed naturally.

There are an almost infinite number of aspects to this proposition, which is not dissimilar, so far as it goes, from that with which Germany went to war: it is possible to attack it from the point of view of the historian, the psychologist, or even the physiologist. It is even possible that certain quite indispensable suffrages have still to be obtained for it. But it is sufficiently interesting to take it as it stands on a frankly material, "practical" basis, and see what are its logical consequences.

A fair statement of the argument for unlimited and intensified manufacturing subsequent to the war would no doubt be something after this fashion:

(1) We must pay for the war.
(2) This means high taxes.
(3) Taxes must come from earnings.
(4) High earnings and low labour costs can only be continued if the output is increased.

Before dealing with these points, let it be thoroughly well understood that, as compared with the economic power of absorption, the world was over-manufacturing before the war in nearly every direction. If any person capable of independent thought disagrees with this statement, he will no doubt be able to explain the immense development of advertising; why the cost of selling a sewing machine, amongst

many other instances, was higher than the manufacturing cost; why a new model, not novel in any real essential, appeared from most of the motor-car works each year, thus automatically depreciating the value of the previous year's fashion, and why, in spite of all these and countless more desperate efforts to stimulate absorption at home, aided by the barter of trade gin to our black brother abroad, the stress of competition to sell was daily growing more insupportable, the main pressure, of course, appearing in the guise of labour troubles, unemployment, strikes for higher wages, etc., but being quite definitely felt all over the social structure and being focussed from a national point of view in the struggle for markets; of which struggle war was the inevitable and final outcome.

Bearing this selling pressure in mind, let us consider what will be the post-war situation, assuming any reasonably early termination of hostilities, and in the absence of any radical modification in the economic structure.

It is almost impossible to form any accurate estimate of the extension of manufacturing plant which has taken place in the British Empire since 1914, but on a gold-standard basis it is almost certainly to the value of not less than £750,000,000, and may be much more. To this has to be added the still more gigantic expansion of industrial America, with Japan, France and Italy by no means idle; and the fact that Germany and Austria have clearly put forth a comparable effort.

But, still more important, these extensions are largely homogeneous, instead of being accretions on small jobbing plants. In spite of a number of notorious instances of bad design, the main object—repetition-production by modern methods—has been achieved, and in consequence the output per individual has gone up in most cases several hundreds per cent. and in some cases thousands per cent. And by the introduction of women into industry on a large scale the available sources of labour supply have been greatly increased.

On the whole, therefore, the plant and the organisation for manufacturing have been expanded in every great country to many times their pre-war capacity; much of this extension is easily convertible to peace-time uses; and while the raw material side of the question is rather less easy to compute it is possible that something to feed into the machines might be available for a considerable period of unlimited activity.

although by no means indefinitely. Therefore it may be accepted as obvious that the factory system of the world is prepared, to a degree transcending anything dreamt of in the past, to flood the market with any article on which a profit in manufacture can apparently be made.

But absorption is a very different matter, and, in considering it, a clear idea of what is meant by the power of absorption is necessary. It is quite incontestable that the *real* power of absorption of the world after the war will be considerable; the repair of the devastated areas, housing schemes, power, railway, shipping, aerial and other transport problems will all require the effort and attention of civilisation, not to mention the demand for a higher standard of life all round.

But the capitalist-manufacturer means by power of absorption the total money or credit value available as payment for his goods, and in the last resort this is represented by the total sum of the spending powers in cash or credit of the units of the population. The contention of the existing capitalistic and financial authorities, on whom of course the responsibility for the policy rests, is that super-production would mean high wages and the high wages would mean high absorption power, and so on. Let us see.

The factory cost—not the selling price—of any article under our present industrial and financial system is made up of three main divisions—direct labour cost, material cost, and overhead charges, the ratio of which varies widely with the "modernity" of the method of production. For instance, a sculptor producing a work of art with the aid of simple tools and a block of marble has next to no overhead charges, but a very low rate of production, while a modern screw-making plant using automatic machines may have very high overhead charges and very low direct labour cost, or high rate of production.

Since increased industrial output per individual depends mainly on tools and method, it may almost be stated as a law that intensified production means a progressively higher ratio of overhead charges to direct labour cost, and, apart from artificial reasons, this is simply an indication of the extent to which machinery replaces manual labour, as it should.

Now, for reasons which it is hoped will be clear from what follows, the factory cost, including management and indirect labour, *of the total factory output of any article is always more than the total sum paid in wages, salaries, and*

for raw material, in respect of it. Consequently, the total output of the world's factory system is inevitably costed at a figure greatly in excess of the salaries and wages which go to the production of it. Selling charges and profit merely increase the price and decrease the purchasing power of money, as, of course, *cæteris paribus*, do general rises in wages.

In order to realise clearly this most important relation between factory cost, and money released, it must be borne in mind that manufacturing, or what is commonly called production, is conversion, and just as the conversion of mechanical energy into electricity or heat into mechanical energy involves a dispersion, which for practical purposes is a loss, so the conversion of manufactured articles can never take place without a similar economic dispersion.

Obviously the balance, which is represented by this economic dispersion, must go somewhere. A little reflection will make it clear that it represents depreciation, obsolescence, scrapped material, etc., all of which are charged to the consumer *instead of being a charge against the value of the product.*

In consequence of this the book value of the world's production is continuously growing more and more in excess of the capacity to absorb or liquidate it, and every transaction between buyer and seller increases this discrepancy so long as the exchange takes place at a figure in excess of the total wages, etc., which go to the various conversions of the product; with the result that a continuous rise in the cost of living absolutely *must* take place, apart and above that represented by currency inflation; palliated by intrinsically more efficient productive methods, but leading along a path of cumulatively fierce competition and harder toil to an absolutely inevitable breakdown. The money required for public works can only be provided by loans or taxation, a decreasing amount of which is returned in wages and salaries; an increasing amount going to swell the mortgage held by the banker and the manufacturer on the effective effort of the world's population.

The complete fallacy of the super-production argument as it stands is apparent; it must be clear, if the statements just made are admitted, that neither apparently high wages nor even apparently cheap items amongst the articles produced can evolve a social system having in it any elements of stability whatever.

There is no more dangerous delusion abroad in the world at this time than that production *per se* is wealth—it is about as sensible as a statement that because food is necessary to man he should eat continually and eat everything. Production is necessary and desirable just so long as the actual thing produced is a means to something else which is necessary to humanity, and like everything else the thing produced has to be paid for by effort on the part of someone. So far from the necessity of this country, and the world, being an orgy of unlimited production, the first need is for a revision of material necessities, combined with sound scientific efforts, to produce to a programme framed to meet the ascertained demands; not artificially stimulated, but individualistic in origin wherever possible.

Such a programme might be allotted in sections amongst the available producing centres at block prices, and such producing centres might again contract with the whole "effort" (*i.e.*, staff and labour) involved, at a price to cover the whole output; such price to include upkeep of plant, stocks, etc. Efficiency in operation would then result in shorter hours, and would itself be cumulative.

If such a policy can be combined with a large decentralisation of initiative, high *rates* of production would follow naturally, and the individual, for the first time, would begin to reap the solid benefits of the use of mechanism. On this basis it would be possible to attack the second urgent necessity, the reduction of money in any form whatever to the status of an absolute medium of exchange.

These are not light tasks, but the alternative to their assumption is a weary pilgrimage which may have some very lurid passages. And in the end it may be found that the chief crime of the capitalist was that he was such a very bad capitalist; in that he neither recognised his assets, nor met his liabilities.

The Demand for the Land

By R. L. Outhwaite, M.P.

With Europe in the throes of revolution or trembling on the verge, it is natural that there should be a widespread feeling of apprehension as to how Britain will fare in the days of convulsion that lie ahead. On the continent the people have overthrown their rulers in order to secure political emancipation. That fight has been fought and won in Britain and so it may be assumed that the determination for change which is now in the minds of millions will find expression in a demand for economic emancipation. The conscripts of Russia, of Austria-Hungary, and Germany saw in the rule of Czar, and Emperor, and Kaiser the immediate cause of the misery in which they have been engulfed, and made and enforced their demand for their own right to rule. But the British soldier with political rights secured has a different demand to make and one more difficult to effect. It is the old starvation wage, the slum dwelling, the dependent position that he has in his mind to refuse to accept when he returns from the battlefields. It is that demand which will have to be met if revolutionary conditions are to be avoided.

One of the great manufacturers of the North recently declared that "a fierce struggle" would come over the reduction of wages after the war. The struggle would be fierce enough were it to be confined to private employers and their workers, but few seem to realise that the struggle, if it should come, would take a still more terrible form, that of a struggle between the State and the workers. Failure to realise what is involved in the extension of State control over industry which the war has brought about is the cause of that comfortable conviction which many hold that in this country revolution will never be. For a strike of State employees will be suppressed by the powers of the State, resistance will be sedition, resistance sufficiently widespread and resolute will be revolution.

During the war the State has assumed control of the railways and the coal mines. The railwaymen and miners, together with the transport workers, are united in the Triple Alliance. If two million railwaymen and miners should

defy the State revolution would be upon us. Moreover, the very schemes of reconstruction which the Government is elaborating bear in them the seeds of danger. For they are bureaucratic, they involve the control of labour by the State, and it follows that any labour dispute within their scope will take a revolutionary form. Consequently, though political rights have been secured, economic causes may bring the masses into conflict with the Government. So the menace is there, and as it is economic it can only be met by economic prevision. The bureaucracy looks to coercion, but only freedom in these days will suffice.

But there are also those who imagine that all will be well on demobilisation because of the demand for labour that will exist. Against this view this consideration may be presented. It is probable that production is to-day greater than it has ever been. The State has been spending £7,000,000 a day; in addition to the demands of our own service our factories and mines have been meeting the enormous demands of our Allies, and at the same time they have been supplying the demands of the civilian population. From which it follows that the present labour force might in the main suffice to meet the after-war demands of a population whose spending capacity will be reduced by overwhelming taxation. At the same time, millions of former consumers of British goods need them no more, and hundreds of millions will be impoverished and be engaged in revolutionary strife.

If, then, the present labour force is capable to any large degree of meeting the after-war demand for goods and services, what is to become of the six million men who have been drawn to the colours? The reply must be that, if the present economic system be maintained, the State will be menaced by hordes of unemployed.

Now the very fact that so vast a production can be maintained with six million of the most capable producers withdrawn from industry, whilst it carries a menace, also provides a revelation as to what has been the basic cause of evil social conditions of the past associated with poverty, and as to how they might be transformed. It is clear that poverty, in so far as it is due to an insufficient production of wealth, is not due to the incapacity of labour to produce a superabundance. The present production, with 6,000,000 non-producers, provides that assurance. It is obvious that were all workers given full opportunity to produce there would be a superabundance of wealth, and that poverty could only exist because of

unjust distribution. Therefore, if we wish to see a Britain with poverty abolished, if we wish to see a Britain made safe from the menace of sterile physical revolution, we have to seek the cause of the restriction on production in the past, we have to remove that cause, and give full opportunity to every man to satisfy his needs by the exercise of hand and brain. Once the problem has resolved itself into a matter of providing opportunity to produce wealth in the fullest degree, in view of the fact that wealth can only be produced by labour from land, the problem of the maximum production of wealth resolves itself into a matter of making land available for fullest use, and ensuring to the user the full reward of his labour.

With this cold fact in mind, and in obedience to inexorable logic of natural law, let us now see what grounds for hope in place of despair the fact provides of there being six million men available for wealth production to supplement the wealth production of the present labour force. Here are millions of men who have been engaged on the work of destruction. In the processes of war they have conquered every obstacle interposed by nature. They have handled the mighty engines of devastation as a child its toy, nor river nor mountain has retarded them, nor tropic sun, nor arctic cold, nor hunger, nor thirst, nor death with attendant horrors that the delirious imagination could not have visualised. In fearful galleries below the earth, in frail craft below the waves, in winged chariots above the clouds they have shown that, however terrible the task science might set, the valour of youth assures its performance.

So were Britain made free for use, were science to aid the fullest production of wealth instead of its devastation, who can doubt but that the calling of these millions to such service would end the dominion of poverty—that overlord more terrible in oppression than Tsar, or Emperor, or Kaiser? Poverty, whose knout is ever held aloft over all but the few, that is ever falling on the backs of the many. Poverty, that has slain in the past half-century many times more than war.

Let us imagine for a moment these millions set to end poverty by bringing Britain into fullest use. Then would its fertile soil be tilled as a garden, and the land where men congregate would be swept clean of slums and decent habitations would arise. Its coal and its iron would be mined in full measure, its clay be dug, its mountain streams be harnessed. Here the great motor transport roads would be

built, there the canal would be opened. From the storehouse of Nature would come primary products for exchange with the products of secondary industry, and the factories and workshops would be busy in supplying the needs of the primary producers. Not only would wealth in superabundance be created, but its just distribution would follow; for with labour in full employ, wages would reach the just level, the representation of value produced.

That is a vision of the millions employed that can be set against the nightmare of their demobilisation to struggle for existence under existing economic conditions.

But let us suppose that under prevailing economic conditions these millions were set to the transformation of Britain. Would the vision materialise? No; two things would happen: (1) rent would rise and the landlords reap the benefit; (2) at the outset the landlords would withhold their land from use for the prospective price that progress would enable them to obtain.

Therefore we are driven to the conclusion that while demobilisation should make for an increased production of wealth to common benefit, the monopolisation of the source of production, the land, will prohibit this realisation. Then, with millions debarred opportunity to produce, we shall be confronted with those possibilities of revolution to which reference has been made. Demobilisation will be regarded by employers as the provision of millions of potential strike-breakers, and the "fierce struggle" foreseen by Mr. Priestley, M.P., will be precipitated.

Now let us see how the matter would stand if the claim to the private ownership of the earth were confronted by the declaration of these first principles. All men have an inherent equal right to life—that presumably will be granted. From which it follows that all men have an equal right to land as a natural essential to existence. The private ownership of land is therefore a denial of the equal right of all to life.

Now let us lay down a principle that will establish the equal right of all to the earth, whilst giving security of possession to the user of any part thereof as regards the product of his labour.

As all men have an equal right to life, the land as an essential to existence is of inherent right common to all, and from each landholder there is due to the community the annual value of the site he holds.

Under the application of this principle every holder of land would become in practice, as he is in law, a tenant of the Crown. For the privilege of possession of any portion of the common property he would pay into the communal fund the value given to the site by the presence of the community.

Now let us conjure up the vision of what might be accomplished on demobilisation were this principle established. Now no land would be withheld from the fullest use, since only for that purpose would land be held and its full annual value be paid. Now with every rise in economic rent the communal fund would increase for communal benefit.

Now under economic pressure the holders of the underutilised rural territories would be calling for men to aid them in producing the maximum of wealth; the holders of valuable slum sites would be calling for men to tear down the hovels and erect buildings conformable to the value of the site; the holders of the vacant city and town lots would be seeking men to build upon them, or be abandoning them to those who would make that call; and the holders of mineral lands would call for men to exploit them. And now the great motor transport roads could be profitably built, the railroads constructed, the canals be dug; for all such enterprises would enhance the value of the common property and swell the communal fund. Now demobilisation would proceed with assurance that it would make for the maximum production of wealth, that wages would rise to the point of just distribution and poverty give way to amplitude. This is the way of redemption, and there can be no other so long as man is dependent on his labour applied to land for the satisfaction of his needs.

But whilst the full realisation of this vision must await the complete restoration of the soil, that point can be reached, if so desired, by steps each one of which would carry with it a measure of resultant benefit. If, in the first instance, each landholder were called upon to pay, say, 25 per cent. of the annual value of the land he holds into the common fund, the withholding of land from use would be penalised and a fund of magnitude would be established. It is with the object of securing this result that the taxation of land values has been initiated in many parts of the world, and in particular in the Dominions. The anomaly of penalising the use of land by levying rates upon buildings presented itself to the people of Queensland, and that colony led the

way in the levying of all rates on the value of the site. Then New Zealand, smitten by a calamitous depression, found statesmen to realise that land monopoly was its root cause, and the taxation of land values was initiated, and a permissive right was given to municipalities so to provide their revenue. The effect of the reform was instantaneous. As is recorded in the Official Year Book for 1908:—

"The land tax is assessed on the unimproved value—*i.e.*, the capital value (or gross saleable value) less the value of all improvements—so that there is an entire exemption of improvements on land from taxation, both from income tax and land tax. Since this was initiated it is estimated that over £50,000,000 has been expended on improvements which consist entirely of labour and material. The effect of this on trade and labour in conducing to the prosperity of the Dominion can scarcely be sufficiently appreciated."

Since that day New Zealand has again and again increased the levy with resultant benefit. Then New South Wales took up the reform in the shape of a land value tax. Later this source of revenue was handed over to the municipalities, and now almost the whole of the municipal revenue is raised by rates on site values.

The great city of Sydney with its suburbs is rated solely on site value, raising a revenue of over £1,000,000 per annum. With the initiation of the system the "boom" in building began. So, too, the States of South Australia, Western Australia, Victoria, and Tasmania have adopted the principle. And, over all, the Commonwealth Government levies its heavy Federal land tax for the purpose of making land available. The total of these levies amounts to upwards of £5,000,000 a year, or an equivalent on a population basis to upwards of £50,000,000 a year for the United Kingdom. The way for this reform was prepared by men who preached the political economy of *Progress and Poverty*. Its fundamental truths were realised in a land where it was seen that as land monopoly took root, unemployed men appeared and wages fell.

In Canada, too, similar, but less far-reaching, measures have been taken to bring the land into use, and it is noteworthy that the Grain Growers' Associations have again and again in great conferences demanded the taxation of land values. Turning to South Africa, Johannesburg is proceeding to raise all its revenue by a rate of 6½*d.* on a site value of £14,000,000. As perhaps more remarkable still, it is to

be noted that the peasants of Denmark elected a Parliament pledged to the taxation of land values, and the initial steps had been taken for its imposition when war broke out.

This brief survey has been made to show that, where those who like to call themselves practical politicians have been confronted with the evil of land monopoly, they have been compelled to resort to the taxation of land values as the only solution after having, for the most part, in the first instance lamentably failed with endeavours based on land purchase.

But it is here in Britain where the need is greatest that practical politicians have yet to be taught their lesson. If need were sufficient in the vast domains of the Dominions, with their insignificant populations, how immeasurably greater it is in Britain, where the people fester in crowded slums, and where the safety of the State demands that no acre should be idle! Any overseas Government that tolerated the creation of a deer forest or sporting estate would be swept away, but here the creation is tolerated, and men have been swept away to the uttermost ends of the earth to make way for the red deer and pheasant. We are told that 500,000 houses are required as an urgent need? Why does the need exist? Why as matters stand can they not be built without State subsidy, which householders as taxpayers will have to provide? In the first place, because urban land is withheld from use, and, so withheld, escapes the rates. In the second place, houses are so heavily taxed as to penalise their construction and prohibit their use.

Here are the pertinent figures provided by a Parliamentary Return secured on my motion. It shows for the year 1911-12, in respect to eleven "self-contained" county boroughs and 1,065 other urban districts, with a population of 21,206,450, that of their area of 3,884,139 acres no less than 2,533,035 acres are rated as "agricultural land," that is to say, are not built upon. To this area has to be added the "vacant" land which is not assessed for rates. The land rated as "agricultural" contributed £400,689 to a rate contribution from the whole area of £35,429,301.

Some instances will show how land required for houses is withheld from use and escapes the rates. The area of Manchester is 21,645 acres, from which is collected £1,759,046 in rates. A quarter of this area, 5,300 acres, is rated as agricultural land, and contributes only £1,611. The area of Liverpool, excluding 2,883 acres of tidal water and foreshore, is 16,619 acres. 3,876 acres are rated as agricultural

land, and contribute £1,590 to a total rate contribution of £1,598,952.

The area of Blackburn is 7,432 acres, of which 6,400 acres are rated as "agricutural land," and contribute £1,041 to a total rate contribution of £201,152.

The area of Ilford is 8,503 acres, of which 4,654 "agricultural" acres contribute £1,143 towards £164,889. Walthamstow, the dormitory of London, has 4,343 acres, and of these 1,232 "agricultural" acres provide £399 towards £207,169, or about 6s. 3d. an acre as compared with £66 9s. from every built-on acre. And so on. Were the holders of these idle acres compelled to pay in whole, or in substantial part, the site value to the common fund of the State or municipality, the fullest use would be enforced and the housing problem be solved by removal of the cause that creates the problem.

As regards rural land, the war has made the initiation of the reform more urgent. The demand for land, coupled with high prices, standardised by the Corn Production Act, has operated to inflate land values. Everywhere land speculation is rife, and syndicates are purchasing estates and compelling tenant farmers to pay high prices for their holdings under penalty of dispossession. That this disastrous condition of affairs persists in town and country we owe to the ineptitude, to put it mildly, of Mr. Lloyd George, who, when it fell to him as Chancellor of the Exchequer to impose a Land Values Tax, introduced a series of irritating and useless "duties" foreign to the principle. Worse still, he abandoned, under landlord pressure, the simple Australasian expedient of calling upon the landowners to provide a valuation. Instead, he substituted a valuation by officials, which, after an expenditure of millions, was not finished when the outbreak of war enabled the landlords to secure its suspension. But even this ghastly blundering has failed to destroy a reform that has gripped the people. Recently the Trades Union Congress and the Conference of the Labour Party renewed the demand for a Land Values Tax on an owner's valuation. The recent Manchester Conference of the National Liberal Federation passed a sweeping resolution which was significantly disregarded by Mr. Asquith in his subsequent speech. The rank and file of these parties demand it, but the "bosses" cold-shoulder the principle. For it scraps all their pretty schemes, there is nothing in it for officialdom, nothing for bureaucracy, for it aims at giving the people the opportunity to work out their own salvation.

But now forces are coming into conjunction with the demand that machine politicians will not be able to withstand—the grim forces of financial necessity and of industrial upheaval. Before long they will find the demand for land restoration voiced by those who fought to preserve it, and who will hold that a parchment deed can show no superior title to theirs.

But the position, actual and prospective, of this reform in the sphere of politics is not the subject of this article. Practical considerations have only been dealt with to prove that the theory put forward at the outset is capable of immediate application. So, in conclusion, the main intent may be returned to, which was to show that if the monopoly of the soil be maintained, demobilisation is calculated to provoke strife and engender poverty. That if, on the other hand, equality of opportunity in the matter of access to natural opportunities be established, the demobilised millions will become wealth-producers, and poverty be relegated with war to the lumber-room of the curses of civilisation. Either there will be established the equal inherent right of all to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness by establishing the equal right of all to the earth, or that equal right will be denied, and the consequences of its denial be enforced by the criminal code, backed by the prison, the gallows, and the machine-gun. On the one hand, there is Liberty assured by way of economic justice. On the other hand, there is slavery enforced by legal instruments of repression. The nation may choose the latter course, but revolution is a cruel price to pay for the maintenance of land monopoly.

A Statement of Policy

By Austin Harrison

In the July and August issues, 1917, The English Review published two articles, the first called " The Maximum Conception of War," the second, " The International Magna Carta," under the signature, .001—both of which at the time attracted wide attention. I had in a visit to France in January and February of 1917 acquired the conviction that the only way to victory lay in war waged singly at the maximum effort, and in a conversation I had with M. Clemenceau in the first week of February of that year (just before America came in and before M. Clemenceau became Premier) I urged upon him the necessity of the single command under a French General as the indispensable condition of success, but at that time M. Clemenceau doubted whether such a demand upon the impersonal patriotism of Britain could safely be suggested, the French idea then was interlacing of the armies. It was then that M. Clemenceau made the remark, " it is time that the civilians assumed control," the realisation of which principle has since led to such a complete result, the moral of which to-day also should be our life idea. As we now know, the vital question of the single command or unity of control was not realised until March of this year, as the immediate result of the crisis provoked by the great German offensive.

The article styled " The Maximum Conception " is self-explanatory. It demanded a " joint declaration of the Allies' objective and methods." It insisted upon the necessity of daily and hourly telegraphic conversations between the three Allied leaders, Mr. Lloyd George, the French Premier, and Mr. Wilson, with a view to obtaining the maximum striking force not only as the way to secure a minimum loss, but the surest and speediest results. It pointed out that Prussian militarism was a *spirit* which had to be destroyed, which the world had to remove, and that the world's need therefore was of unity. Unity of military control; unity of political control; unity of the objective. And to this end a central headquarters thinking staff was suggested.

This unity of control, it was submitted, should comprise all branches of war, thus finance, agriculture or food, supplies, inventions, etc., and immediate unity of co-operation with America. Producers' selling prices should be fixed, profits determined, rationing made compulsory and international, and Labour invited to co-operate in full publicity.

The main idea was the automatic result as the harvest of broad conception, sound construction, and singleness of purpose. "This is the master key." The objective must be single and absolute. War must be waged on the maximum conception of Allied power. In the military, political, and economic domain unity was essential.

This article, though, it elicitated considerable response, failed to stir the Governments to thought, and the year 1917 closed without any unity of the kind urged being reached, either militarily or politically; indeed, as the result of its absence 1917 was the darkest year of the war as 1918, conditioned by the fulfilment of that unity, has been the brightest. In the following month (August) we published the second and companion article, "The International Magna Carta," which dealt with the objective or spirit of the world's crusade.

In substance the article demanded a Declaration of Rights or international charter to represent the world's justice, which would be the Allies' unalterable and single objective. It raised the issue of war to a crusade as the oriflamme of democratic judgment to which the civilised peoples "shall proclaim their adherence, to which humanity shall subscribe." And the basis of the proposed new law or convocation of war energy was to lie in the setting up of national conferences among the Allied Powers composed of the best intellects available, which, linked by cable, would jointly and severally collaborate in the preparation of the charter of world liberties, and so define the principles of self-government which alone could bring about the "new world" at that time shyly hinted at by the politicians.

The idea was thus the creation of a new world law as the Allies' fighting objective, and consequently the removal of all doubt and error regarding our various ends, and the elimination of all secret diplomacy or power policy rooted in feudal or imperialist ambitions. The article demanded an "International Charter." "When the Conferences shall have come to a decision, and have drawn up this new international Declaration of Rights, the Germans can be asked to subscribe to it, failing which compliance it will be the duty of the Allies to

make war on the lines of the maximum conception." Unfortunately this appeal in August, 1917, met with a chill reception. Mankind was evidently not ready for so profound a revolution, and as we were then suffering from spy mania and censorship pacifist intentions were suspected. Yet the President of the French Republic acknowledged the appeal, and the Japanese Embassy and several highly influential Japanese visitors wrote notifying warm approval of the "root idea." The London Press declined to notice the article, and so, in company with a friend, I went to Ireland to see whether the loose end represented by a chaotic Ireland out of touch with the spirituality of the struggle could not be induced to fight for a World Charter of Liberties as the impersonal symbol of justice.

These efforts in Ireland were at first crowned with success. After much delay and explanation Professor MacNeill wrote, accepting on behalf of himself and of De Valera, "the principles" of the idea, declaring that "if the principle can be brought to a working test, we in Ireland should be prepared to fight for it." More than this, no man could have hoped for. In addition, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., had given his adherence, also Mr. Thomas Johnson, ex-President of Irish Trades Congress. In a word, the idea of fighting for the Charter seemed to be growing into an act.

What might not have happened had our Government shown any readiness at the time to work upon this solidarity of accepted principle between Sinn Fein and British Labour, it is idle to-day to conjecture, yet I cannot help recording it as my deliberate opinion that an unparalleled opportunity for constructive statesmanship, both national and international, was thrown away. The Government, in spite of the insistent appeals we made to it, directly and indirectly, remained icily indifferent. In Ireland the conditions went rapidly from bad to worse, and soon the almost inevitable fate of the Englishman in Ireland befell us. The implacables insinuated that THE ENGLISH REVIEW was acting for Mr. Lloyd George, and that we were secret agents. On the other hand, the agents of Castle authority apparently thought we were Sinn Fein conspirators or emissaries of the *Bonnet Rouge*. I do not know. Probably we never will know. But Professor MacNeill became alarmed and recanted. London journalism "discovered" Ireland, and all over the place the scouts of the *Daily Mail* began to journey and agitate. Then Thomas Ashe died as the result of forcible feeding. As Cardinal

Logue wired to me, and his words went the round of the world :—

" If Convention fails, chaos." It was chaos. The old ascendancy forces had won, with what results we all know —Ireland is still the " loose end " in the war and of British civilisation.

There was nothing to be done in the circumstances but wait for what I knew to be the inevitable revelation, and in December .001 returned to the matter in the REVIEW.

The phrase, The League of Nations, had by that time been mooted, also the American Mission, under Colonel House, had arrived in England. It was pointed out in this third article that the Charter, as advocated in the REVIEW, was a fighting or activist objective, whereas the League was only an abstract idea unformulated and not even understood. In December, 1917, Allied statesmanship stood at its nadir. Russia had become Bolshevist. Nowhere was there any vision, any readiness for principle. Lord Lansdowne had not referred to a Charter or world's moral law. Mr. H. G. Wells was then styling himself a Republican. Mr. Duke was " banking " on the Convention. We again insisted that the two loose ends in the struggle were Ireland and Japan,* and that absolutely the only solution was a Declaration of Rights covering the sentimental difficulty of Ireland and the physical difficulty of Japan—excess of population. M. Clemenceau had just previously pronounced sceptically yet not illogically upon the idea of a League of Nations, and in this article we showed why. The need, we proclaimed, was *sacrifice of attitude*, of the old balance of power idea, out of which sacrifice an overwhelming force would become ours and the new justice would be born. The quintessence of the Allied need was thus unity —unity for the application of power which alone could defeat and remove the toxin of militarism; unity of the objective which alone could give to us the necessary enthusiasm and the necessary conviction of our justice. But this would demand sacrifice, and this, again, could only be obtained by vision acting in the spirit of the age as the interpreter of the new orientation.

We did not pursue the subject, for the world, as General Smuts had said, seemed " out of joint." Russia was plunging

* They still are: Japan representing the problem of imperialism, *i.e.*, surplus population; Ireland, the problem of interdependence as applied to us and everywhere. Here East and West touches. On the solution of these two problems the establishment of the co-operative order or family of nations will depend. And Ireland will be our acid test.

into ever-deepening chaos. Ireland ceased even to interest Englishmen in her sulky gloom and anarchy, and the Liberals in England appeared to have abandoned all hope or principle. Labour had become restive. Japan remained silent, awaiting some declaration of the new law which was to govern Imperialism; once more the military situation was the only thing that mattered, and there seemed no outlet but in force and the vindication of force on purely militarist values. The World's Charter apparently had no meaning, and all we had been able to do was to burn our fingers in Ireland, as a great many other Englishmen had done before us.

I have written this curt summary of the work done in connection with the Magna Carta articles as an explanation of the attitude taken up by THE ENGLISH REVIEW, which to-day requires no justification. Stress of circumstance compelled at the eleventh hour the adoption of the maximum conception which has since led to the glorious results we are to-day witnessing. The vision of Mr. Wilson, likening the Crusaders to the Knights of Runnimede (I had talked over the Magna Carta article with Colonel House in the winter of 1918), has now focussed the world upon the League of Nations, which obviously can only be born into the world as the fruit of a Declaration of Rights, as advocated in these pages nearly a year and a half ago. At this solemn hour of world rejoicing and deliverance we all stand or fall on the American principle of world security from war. It is America's gift to old Feudal Europe. Its meaning and purpose have been summarised in the remarkable speech delivered by Mr. Wilson, September 27th of this year. His five conditions of peace define and proclaim the new World Charter—their spirit is announced in the great words of attestation: "*All who sit at the peace table must be ready to pay the price, and the price is impartial justice, no matter whose interest is crossed.*"

The *Times*, which declined to consider the idea of a World Charter when it appeared in the REVIEW, has since repented, and approved Mr. Wilson's manifesto, and the *Observer* has called it a new Magna Carta. Perhaps a year ago the suffering had not been sufficient. And so, as we foresaw and sought to anticipate, Governments have been caught unprepared by the sheer rapidity of events, and the *Times* now calls for media to work and pronounce judgment upon the vast problems which lie before mankind. Unfortunately, our cry for national tribunals remained unheeded, and the year 1917 ended with the mind or the creative faculties apparently

in abeyance. No spirituality emanated from the Alliance, not even a great democratic gesture. The spirituality of the war has come from America. To-day this is a commonplace, and in the *Times* of November 4th Lord Northcliffe journalistically gave it an official imprimatur. His "third stage" is almost a paraphrase of the articles that have appeared in THE ENGLISH REVIEW during the last twelve months. He suggests Commissions (we called them Tribunals) which shall report to the Central Peace Conference, *precisely as we wrote in* 1917. He, too, writes of a world responsibility, a settlement which must be based on opportunity as against the old value of power balance. He takes the full view that Poles and Prussians should be encouraged to co-operate in the redemarcation of frontiers, and that religious questions will have to be considered. In a word, Lord Northcliffe has subscribed to the Charter of the new order.

I venture to say that our solution will be found to be still more accurate, *because it is the only way to a new order*. Mr. Wilson made the mistake of *proclaiming* morality, the effects of which have been seen in the confusion existing about his fourteen points. Morality *cannot be autocratic*. It must be induced as the harmony of co-operation. I venture to assert that Mr. Wilson will be compelled to base his scheme for a family of Nations on a Declaration of Rights or principles; further, that to obtain this Charter he will have to summon the Nations to co-operation by setting up select Bodies in the various countries to frame the new law or order as the product of *co-operative*, not of a *decreed*, justice.

In this constructive spirit THE ENGLISH REVIEW can at least claim to have contributed for a hard and long time in the wilderness towards the end that now must come of liberation in a World's Charter of rights and liberties.

Towards the New Europe

By Austin Harrison

With the end of the great war, there crumbled and fell prostrate not only a mighty spirit, but a system involving nothing less than the old European order. It died at last from inanition, felled by the colossal blows of civilisation. On that day, history, as it has been written, closed its princely annals. The agelong governance by feud of Monarchical Europe is broken, never, it is to be hoped, to return; and in its fall the fabric of the Europe of kingly glory, of satrapy and Machiavelli, of hereditary rule, of Feudalism, of history by the map vanishes from the schemes of mankind.

The War of Liberation has been won. The Nations have been set free. Idea has triumphed over Force. We have shattered a conqueror's dream and in its place erected a modern temple of hope and freedom. Release is the message to the world. Another force movement of peoples has ended, for the connivers in disaster, yet for the whole in deliverance. The work of death is done. Men stand once more upon the threshold of life. With the sacred word, peace, a joy as of magic gathers in men's hearts.

The news spread among us at home like the burgeonning of spring. At first men hesitated to believe, but soon, like pods bursting in the sun, the houses disgorged their inmates and the streets flowed with throngs of joyous men and women growing into response and gratitude, into the ebullition and rapture of the hour: into the right to live. The long nightmare is ended. Britain may well regard this as the proudest time in her history. Across the globe our joint endeavour reverberates the great truth of the war that we have given life, that as victors we are the stewards of the new order—the order of liberty, of democracy, of co-operation.

Of man as against system, of progress as against reaction, of opportunity as against slavery: that is our victory. If we had lost the war, Europe would have gone back a hundred years; to feudalism, to purely power values, to thraldom. To-

day Europe has a new foundation of belief. The idols and cupolas of majesty are gone. The soldier State has died upon the field. In the flag of the Allied triumph, in the red flag of Socialism, Europe greets a community.

The problem is: will Europe be able to found this community upon the only basis that can give it durability—co-operation in lieu of the old order, competition, which hitherto has been the right and justification of war? This is, of course, the meaning of a League of Nations, and this is the structural idea governing Mr. Wilson's fourteen points. Reduced to a phrase, the question is the power idea which reached its highest expression in the stratocracy of Germany; yet here it is obvious that if the power idea is to remain, vested in Allied interests instead of Germanic interests, then not much in vain will have been won in the struggle, but on this point all the moving indications are assuring.

In the first place the old balance of power disappeared with the collapse of Tsarist Russia, and has since passed to America (I refer to land, not sea, power); so that its revival for any protracted period must be conditioned, first, by the democratic will of Britain; secondly, by the sanction of America. This dislocation of the old balance unquestionably militates against the old power theory. Viewed in conjunction with the creation of a democratic Europe, it loses its competitive propulsion.

The power idea lived upon thrones and the sacrosanctity of their manifestation. These European thrones with their personal government radiating through the Army—their sanction—to every office in the State, incarnated the principle of competition, around which were gathered not only all the forces of the Church, privilege, authority, tradition, and custom, but in each particular case the ideaism of a favoured-nation deity in communion with the apex, or Monarch. It was so absolutely with the Tsar, the "little Father"; it found national solemnity in the Kaiser-idea of the Germans. Thus the Monarchical systems assumed the trinity of God, country, and the Ghost as the religion of allegiance, in Germany almost fanatically so. Under them, opinion abdicated, because all opinion critical of the trinity was treason. Power resided in the top of the pyramid of State, the rest constituted the Baronial and armed service of nationhood, the will to peace or war reposing in the Crown. All Russia, all Germany, all Austria-Hungary presented internationally but three single minds—the three Crowned Heads at the top of the three military

pyramids. The major part of Europe, in short, possessed only three men who mattered on the supreme count of peace—the three individuals or hereditary "War Lords" who regulated the right of war.

An extraordinary condition when one thinks of the issues at stake, all the more singular looking back upon the lonesome figure of the Tsar hypnotised by a Sadic Monk, or the tragic senility of the last of the Hapsburgs, or the vainglorious mysticism of the Kaiser, like three wizards of old compounding the destinies of Europe. At any time, for any reason, either of these men could have plunged Europe into war. The fate of humanity hung for decades on the results of their personal intrigues, on their grace or their spleen, and at their instigation all Europe became an armed camp. Their subjects stood potentially as gun carrion, no more, no less. They were, irresponsible and inarticulate, to each of the three Emperors, "My Army." The question of peace or war was the absolute prerogative of each of these monarchs, who by the constitution were infallible. So Europe stood in 1914, in the hands of three kings—the three blind mice of the modern world; in the vice of secret diplomacy, which, of course, is the instrument of one-man rule or the pyramid State, awaiting the "Day." Logically, inevitably the "Day" came.

In future years mankind will doubtless wonder at this servility of militarist Europe, and perhaps still more at the blindness of the Heads of this concentrated power system in that they failed to forsee the inevitable collapse of an edifice which in war would involve not a part of the community, as in the old days, but every section of the machinery, and so burst its own cerements. This is what has happened in militarist Europe. On the day of peace I saw German prisoners salute the Union Jack. The steel in the hearts of Feudal Europe has snapped. Its epitaph flutters on the red flag.

Thus Old Europe has lost its traditions. With the elimination of the pyramid Monarchical State, the power idea, with its territorial or map policy, has become an anachronism, and can hardly be restored. With it there must necessarily go secret diplomacy, which is the handmaid of dynastic despotism, for Republics and Constitutional Monarchies can never attain to any fixity of the pyramid condition, being themselves conditioned by consent. And this is Europe's new value. Out of the furnace there has come the voice of the people—democracy. The apex State is no more. There is no longer a reason for the balance of power, peoples being inherently

pacific in their opportunities. In the prospective reign of Parliaments, the power idea forfeits its *panache*. We have presented Europe with a new box of bricks with which to build towers not from the pinnacle but from the base.

To build upward, that is, instead of downward. We start afresh. We start internationally for the first time with a common equation. The map becomes a national sanctuary instead of an international potentiality, and with it man ceases to be a mere regimental number. He is to become a voice, and in his collectivity he is to be the sanction—the whole, the State. That clearly is the first step, the setting up in Europe of constitutional government.

When that work has been accomplished, when Nation faces Nation as a vocal reality and not as a competitive or rival dynasty, one at least of the main causes of war will have been removed, and we shall have won the greatest victory in the history of civilisation. Yet so much clearly is procurable. The next step towards the League of Nations, or removal of the causes of war, may seem for the moment more difficult precisely because, unlike the first condition, it is not a force value. The second step is the problem how far Europe can become international in interest; whether, in fact, we can pass nationally, or even peacefully, from the competitive to the co-operative order.

The durability of any idea of a League of Nations will depend upon that evolution, and this will be the quintessential task and test of the Peace Conference. I am hopeful, not only because the root causes of militarism have been destroyed, but because the motive force of democracy must be, economically and spiritually, international. The life idea of Socialism is internationalism now the major part of Europe has become Socialist. That is one very dependable reason. Continental Socialism, particularly in Germany, evaporated at the call of war because the pyramid State had been too powerful for it. As Germany became freer domestically, Socialism lost its international character in the delirium of a deliberately imposed national egoism which ultimately became a mania. It has returned as the justification of the people's sacrifice. One may describe it as the only blossom left in Central Europe. Its constructive creed is internationalism, and though in Russia government has passed into the chaos of extremism, that, we must remember, is largely due to the peculiar conditions of Russia plunged overnight from the darkness of mediævalism into the Elysium of a freedom which

already contained all the disabilities of wreckage and bankruptcy.

Bolshevism is only a transient condition almost inevitable in an illiterate people jerked free from centuries of oppression. Like all anarchy, it will pass probably into some form of Socialism, for the question in Russia is the land, and the land now will belong to the people. There is no escape from this completion of the Russian revolution. The land for the people. Already it is one of the cries of Europe, one of the life issues of the war. And it is well, for here we have the great principle, opportunity which strikes at the foundations of Feudalism, a demand which is vitally national, and in its incidence economically international. It proclaims and affixes the national right. It smashes the pyramid structure. In the earth, the peasant of Europe will wield the pick of peace, and with his plough he will make history.

The truth is that the conscriptionist State has perished by self-combustion, war to-day being a business—a thing on the field of hideous death and misery, and behind of artificial prosperity leading in the economic sphere to a similar process of combustion. War in the conditions of the armed State has been found out. It pays—while it lasts, but only while it lasts. War has thus become a negative. In the European conditions of the grouping of the belligerents it was first and foremost a struggle of attrition, governed on one side by sea power, and paradoxically not directly but indirectly in its bearing upon food, and so upon the *moral* at home.

Yet the mere consequence of war cannot be regarded as a deterrent, nor historically can it be said to count. The question is the idea, and here, as in war we have gone back to armour (the Tanks), internationally we have escaped from our armoured bondage, because nationally Europe has won to a common equation of control and attitude.

People may doubt and speak of the natural law of the fittest, and for the time power values will appear to dominate mankind; but in reality this is poor thinking. Not only has the personal system of government gone, but it is highly problematic whether the old economic system has not failed, as it unquestionably has failed in the major part of Europe, which is theoretically and actually bankrupt.

But out of this bankruptcy a live new thing has appeared—principle: the principle that Empires and Nations are no longer to have the right to acquire other Nations' lands and bodies, and this is what is meant by self-determination. It is

the new European Charter. Incredibly strange as it is, this law or foundation of morality is an absolutely new code hitherto unrecognised and even scorned by politicians, writers and potentates of all Peoples as mere academic utopianism. Old men, particularly, view this projected slice into the perspective of their history books with cynicism. They cannot think, as it were, off the map, for they do not realise that they stand at the end of an epoch.

Yet unquestionably we do so stand. The bier of feudal Europe is our charge. European chaos is our *unmeasured responsibility*, and it can only be redeemed by principle. War or destruction has thus worked down to a condition of positive negatism, which, if continued, must involve in its disintegration and ruin the whole fabric of society, or we build anew upon principle. Literally, this is the only alternative. As we did not make war on, but for, humanity, so to-day our mandate must be constructive. To bring about accord, in place of the old discord. To dispense the justice of harmony. To induce that harmony into a whole of satisfied co-operation.

The cynic and sciolist may scoff, but the question here is the determinant. What is the propulsive force of the new order, for obviously there must be a new order, seeing that the old one is dead? If the spirit of monarchical antagonisms has disappeared, can we conceive of a spirit of co-operation under any order of society founded on the patriotism of the flag, whether dynastic or democratic? And if so, how are we to advance to it?

The answer is principle; the problem is the acceptability of its dispensation. This is the world's danger, because the difficulty here is sacrifice. Sacrifice of attitude; in other words, the capability of thinking internationally or co-operatively. We shall never do this singly, or even collectively, except on a common basis of law, such as is possible in a Declaration of Rights. And this will be the responsibility of the Peace Conference. It will have to establish itself not only as a Court of Judgment, but primarily as a Parliament of Man. Its main function will not be military, political, or economic, but social, that is, international. Here only principle can avail, and this will be the difficulty of the nations.

The indispensable condition of safety is the formulation in advance of the principles which are to govern all decisions, whether of Empire or of Nationhood, and already it is clear that far more precise and comprehensive definitions are required than those loosely accepted, *because arbitrarily pro-*

moted, as a basis in the American fourteen points. If Europe is to attain to Mr. Wilson's impersonal justice, Europe must be called upon to co-operate fully and integrally, and America also must give proof of her will to sacrifice. One of the President's points refers to barrier tariffs, yet it is clear from the Republican attitude that America is by no means willing to co-operate in this important condition of a co-operative order, and if so, then Europe cannot be expected to respond. War may pass from a Princely right to that of the god, Capital, and the next era may conceivably be controlled by the struggle for the natural resources of the world, which is, indeed, the great problem of Empire. If, for example, Europe, or a large part of it, is shut out by way of punishment or for so-called motives of "security" from a legitimate share in the products of life, then we shall have achieved little, certainly nothing that is permanent; nor will the right of war be either deflected or suppressed. Yet this is essentially a democratic question, and undoubtedly will be decided sooner or later internationally by democracy, the now articulate opinion of Europe unbound. As a result of the war, Europe will have for the first time a people's mandate, embracing in huge areas the women. A Peace Conference which acted contrary to this spirit of the age could only bring about a temporary settlement, would sow the seeds of European revolution, would in the end salve but a phantom. At stake are the systems of militarism, capitalism, and imperialism, and they are largely interlocked. The demand is the principle of the right to live—opportunity or co-operation, and in this demand the claims of the awakened soldiers and workers here and everywhere will ultimately prove decisive.

Again, our salvation lies in principle. To obtain it, Europe must be summoned to definitions and declarations of accepted governing principles for the solution of the many complex problems at issue, in which work there must obviously be two distinctive, though parallel, processes. The one, the settlement of war; the other, reconstruction.

What we have overthrown is the pyramid or Monarchical State—henceforth Europe will move on *horizontal*, not on *vertical*, lines. And that politically, socially, and economically. The vertical State implied slavery, concentrated all power in the hands of the few, moved above the heads of the peoples egocentrically, in applied and antagonistic isolation. As a creed of isolation, for the purpose of appropriation. But with the demolition of the vertical order, power isolation, as

formerly understood, will be no longer tolerated. In its causal action, the horizontal position is co-operative or utilitarian, the reverse of the system of competition, which again in the modern conditions of war and economics must assume some form of the vertical State, or authority, which conditions because itself it is the condition. Dynastically, this is no longer the case; our rulers will be wise to learn the lesson economically. A Peace Conference that sought to reimpose the vertical system of society, whether in the form of group or capitalist interest, would find itself at clash with the longitudinal forces of its parts, in a word, with its own dynamics. Europe, in short, cannot be constricted or reconstructed on vertical lines of competitive power system, because the spirit of the whole has become horizontally evened, at least in its corporate stratification of government, and this is a condition diametrically opposed to isolated antagonisms, whether of creed or country or advantage, because democracies move on principle, whereas kings move on system. We have then already the clay of the new order in the equation of popular government, which necessarily implies *decentralisation*, individualism, freedom, as we have the spirit of the new order out of the accepted failure of the old spirit. Politicians, therefore, will seek at their peril to build pyramids of centralisation either for national or for group interests, because Europe has ceased to be a fortress of isolated antagonisms; she has in her disparate units of re-established nationhood dissolved into a socialisable whole. She has attained to the form and structure of a synthesis.

The type of mind which sees in the coming Conference merely a Board of Control to set up a police law of arbitration is not thinking beyond a twelve months' span, nor is this the road to Mr. Wilson's "family" of Europe. A family must have opportunities, or it will fight for them, must fight for them. There can be no family of nations unless each of the associate nations is unfettered, just as all or any rearrangement of the map calculated to penalise indefinitely one nation or group at the expense of another must inevitably lead to disharmony, and this applies equally to all strategic interest in the reshaping of boundaries.

I feel pretty confident that the new Social Democratic Germany will be German, not Pan-German; will think and move horizontally, no longer vertically; will be in the spirit modern and in principle democratic. Her example will in time affect Russia, and when the wounds of war are healed

Europe will at least find herself with a manageable principle of national government and of international relationship. That is the main thing. Without it, Europe must remain an armed camp, but with it Europe disarms itself. Granted, that is, that the settlement is relatively just in regard to national claims and opportunities, and that New Europe is left alone. There are some people who would contemplate a secondary war of police control and interference, but this would be fatal, and in the end would be disastrous to all. The great forces which the war has called into life will prove stronger than the individual, will flow on now, horizontally, into creation, into the co-operative idea.

This idea, this new order, may well be delayed, and certainly will if passion is allowed to prevail, if *capitalism* is permitted to ingerminate its greeds and hatreds, so that Europe may yet have to suffer, and possibly even crash into anarchy and Bolshevism. That will depend largely upon the statesmanship or sincerity displayed by the Allies in the next few months, and eventually at the Peace Conference. And that again will depend upon whether we go to the settlement *on principle or opportunism*, with the vertical position in our minds or the horizontal.

The issue is New Europe—the Europe of free Nationality, of opportunity, of co-operation, of the people. It is not an Utopia that we contemplate, for we already have an equalisation of form and attitude, it remains but to give them life; from beneath, through the community to the commonwealth.

Yet there is only one way to rebuild Europe constructively, with any hope, that is, of preventing future wars; it is by the security of principle in a World Charter of Rights. We did it nationally once, we can do it now internationally. The indispensable condition of success is sacrifice of attitude, and at once we are faced with the great stain on our civilisation—Ireland. It will be ridiculous for us to insist upon the moral geography of Jugo-Slavdom, for instance, if at home we have to employ Prussian methods of coercion towards Ireland, for that is the way to confusion. All problems of nationality and of interdependence must henceforth be decided by principle—or they will remain undecided. Similarly, America will be required to establish some equitable principle of adjustment covering the imperial problem of Japan, or that imperial problem will remain, rendering negatory all effort at a League of Nations. The dark problem of Africa is another morass. And there is the anomaly of our class war with Russia, which

in itself is an outrage against the first principles of nationality. These are not problems for politicians, who themselves have largely caused them. They can only be solved co-operatively by principle. They thus demand, as the precedent condition of the new order, the clash and friction of mind; in other words, if we are to do full work we must thrash out these problems publicly; we must collaborate by principle; we must have a Conference, as the executive of select assessory conferences, which shall confederate.

The new Europe will move from its strata horizontally.

Some Military Lessons of the World War

By Major Darnley Stuart-Stephens

In the World War the theories of Admiral Mahan, the Irish-American, have prevailed over those of General Helmuth von Moltke, the Danish Prussian. Great Britain's command of the Great Waters has brought Germany's designs of world conquest to nought, having failed to overthrow the influence of sea power, which ultimately was bound to strangle her. The echoes of the drowning cries of the women and children in the *Lusitania* in the end caused the intervention of America. And the effective intervention of the great Republic was made possible by the shepherding of her armies by Britain's command of the Western Ocean. And so sea power, that mighty influence of which Mahan wrote in deathless prose, worked with the relentless force that it exerted against Philip of Spain, against the Grand Monarch, and against one Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet these historic lessons were for many months, even years, of this incomparable struggle unappreciated by the narrow vision of our statesmen. False conceptions of Imperial strategy were at one period within an ace of Britain losing the war, when she threw away the opportunities which the influence of sea power placed in her hands. Ere it was too late we returned to our right minds, with the result that a reinforced army, made possible by sea power, drove the Bulgars before it and isolated Turkey-in-Europe, and again reinforced armies destroyed the Turkish armies in Asia and put the first nail into the coffin of Teutonic militarism, the last nail being driven home by Marshal Foch when, by his deliberately conceived massed counter-stroke in the West, the armed strength of Germany was driven back to the no longer indivisible Fatherland. The crowning triumph of Britain's sea-power spelt the last page of the chronicles of the World War. The German High Seas Armada was ordered to put to sea on October 28th. The crews refused to obey, and this refusal was the result of their belief that a general action with the British Grand Fleet would mean utter destruction. The German sailors had only one experience of a pitched battle with but a part of Britain's sea-power. That was the meeting with Beatty. One such experience was sufficient. The

German High Seas Fleet wanted no more. Now as the German Fleet's defection meant the last stage of Germany's military collapse, and as that defection was caused by the lesson of the Battle of Jutland, that Battle of Jutland must be added to the list of the decisive battles of the world. Here the teaching of Mahan has vindicated itself for all time! A no less potent achievement made possible by our command of the sea was, as I said before, the being able to secure the safe passage from one hemisphere to the other of America's armed hosts. Here the German non-naval nation woefully miscalculated the influence of sea-power, as much as at the beginning it, with almost incredible fatuity, miscalculated the military resources of the United States that in the end ensured its downfall. The only explanation is to be found in German self-confidence born of continuous victory when everything was in its favour. And yet the handwriting on the wall was there to read were not German eyes blinded by that extraordinary feature of German psychology, which distorts the national vision when contemplating the spiritual characteristics of foreign peoples. The moral of the American War of the 'sixties was unheeded by the German Greater Staff.

The great American Civil War of 1861–65 placed the United States at once on a level as to military records with the most celebrated martial races of Asia and Europe. At no period before told of in military history had any population of only twenty millions put one million in the field at the same time, perfectly equipped, lavishly supplied with food and clothing, and with arms of the most recent pattern. On the other hand, the seceding States displayed equal energy. Their whole white population fit for fighting took the field, while women and darkies looked after the farms. The expense was colossal; the Federals alone spent as much in four years as did Great Britain in twenty-four years against the French Republic and the Emperor. The loss of life was appalling; three hundred thousand soldiers were laid to rest in the national cemeteries of the North, and the devastation of whole tracts of country as large as Prussia was thorough and apparently final. And yet, not many years after the surrender of the heroic Lee, industry resumed its usual course; and a few years ago, when travelling along the railway from Chattagoa to Atlanta, and thence to the sea, I could hardly believe that that vast line of country was, fifty years ago, utterly blighted by the blast of war.

Was it possible for the redoubtable brain of the German Army to fail to comprehend what the coming into the arena of a country that such things could be written of meant? And then, when America did "come in," the German General Staff failed to understand the deadly earnestness that distinguished her advent as a new great military Power. I will give one instance which might have indicated to the military mandarins of Berlin that in underrating America they were playing with edged tools. Three years ago the *Literary Digest* of New York contained three advertisements of schools in which military drill was made a feature. Last Christmas the same organ had in its advertising columns just seventy-one notices of colleges, academies, and boarding schools where the art of war was theoretically and practically instilled into the young idea. The United States had gone war-mad, and when a hundred millions of the most resourceful people on the face of the globe began to think of nothing but the making of gigantic armies, it was surely time for Germany to think furiously of the wrath to come. Nearly thirty years ago the heaven-born leader, Ferdinand Foch, had, in inspired words that now sound like superhuman prophecy, said in one of his lectures before the French Superior School of War:

"Everything, in fact, is either originally good or capable of becoming so in proper hands. I have read of officers who lamented that their corps were composed of nothing but recruits. For my part, I prefer recruits. They are ignorant of the dangers they must encounter, and always fight well at the onset. An able General should know how to take advantage of that impulse. But before recruits are brought into action, a Commander-in-Chief should see to it that, by degrees, their minds are inculcated with the principles of subordination which will give them a clear conception of order. A professional army of old soldiers supported by a vast reserve of intelligent recruits who understand the necessity of discipline is an ideal force wherewith to vanquish a war-worn enemy."*

Here, to my mind, was a warning worth untold millions to the Grosser General Stab.

The public in Europe and even in the British Isles have known little or nothing of the vast military organisations that for the last couple of years have been proceeding in that land of wonders between the North Atlantic and the North Pacific,

* Foch, *Twenty-third Lecture on the Conduct of War.* May 21st, 1889.

for much was done under the then General Foch's stern orders in the manner of insuring an incomparable secrecy. Concealment of preparations in war was, he regarded, here almost of the essence of the contract. In the case of America, one item in the way of concealment was of more value than all the rest put together. These were the arrangements made for transporting the various detachments across the Atlantic ferry. The ubiquity of the German submarine was, to the newspaper man, a sufficiently obvious reason, but there was more in it than mere dates of sailing and the announcement of harbours of departure and arrival. When last spring the time came for a big push alongside of massed offensives by Foch and Haig, it was no small advantage to know that the enemy's High Command should be extraordinarily vague in its knowledge of the actual number of battalions and batteries which the United States had in France at a critical moment of the war. The German General Staff had still some very acute agents in the United States, but, despite their discernment, they fancied a hundred thousand where there were double that number and a gun where there was a battery. For those departments of the British and French War Offices which were in most intimate touch with the details of American preparations not the least interesting part of their knowledge was that which they gained from watching their new Ally's methods of improvising a vast army. Your Yankee is a man to whom anything like slavish imitation is anathema. At every stage of training troops he has been found trying and suggesting experiments, some of which are improvements on the old way, and which may find a place in our new military manuals. It has been too general an idea in our Service that the United States Army, small in numbers and little heard of in peace times, was a species of sleepy collection of officers and men who looked slick in their full-dress uniforms, but took little interest in their art. That this was an error was well known to people like myself, who had met American soldiers in their own country as well as on active service with the international contingents in China, and who are in the habit of reading their military literature of the day. I make bold to assert that it will be well worth the while of our Staff for military education to study most carefully all those matters, great and small, in which we have found the new armies from across the Atlantic deliberately different in training methods from ourselves. If the Kaiser and his *entourage* of sycophants had, instead of exercising their in-

genuity in throwing dust in the eyes of Germany as to the real meaning of America's intervention, sat down for an hour a day to try to realise what it meant to the Central Empires, it would not have needed many days of that mental exercise to have convinced them that the game was as good as lost. The long line on the Western Front was a help to Germany as long as she could maintain a distinct preponderance of numbers on that front. But when the American reserves came over the ocean, then the item "too long a line in the West" went down on the debit side of the German ledger.

But if until almost the eleventh hour our advisers failed to recognise the potentialities that the command of the sea had delivered to them as a ready-made instrument (not to be blunted by use as a qualified blockading force, not to be injured by being used for the attack of powerful land positions without the instant support of a sufficient land force to take advantage of the covering fire of floating forts), the deplorable lack of courage when dealing with military questions immediately before the outbreak of war will remain for ever in the pages of history as the sign-manual of Government pusillanimity.

In some quarters there is still a faint idea that we dispatched a so-called striking force of some 82,000 men solely out of chivalry in order to defend Belgium. Stuff and nonsense. We sent our "Contemptible Little Army" across the Silver Streak for the purpose of attempting to defend our own existence. We made common cause with France and Russia, who were in the same peril as ourselves; but these nations had made their preparations with greater foresight than we had done. The issue of the war against them was not one whit less a matter of life and death for us than it was for them.

We had boasted that we had no engagements with France, although a military understanding existed between our War Office and the Paris General Staff: an arrangement which bound this country to a course of action in certain events—which were the reverse of improbable—just as surely by drifting into a committal as if we had signed an actual secret treaty. Yet the Government, who knew of the understanding and appreciated its real character, refused to consider the cold truth that our policy did not, even in the most moderate degree, correspond with our means of acting up to it. All this, now that peace has arrived, is admitted more or less frankly, but justification is pleaded in that it was essential

to lead the people cautiously, and that the Cabinet could do nothing unless it had the people behind it. In these arguments there lies a measure of truth—truth that our Government and the Opposition were both too pusillanimous and too cowardly to tell the country that it was in deadly peril, such peril as never had come to it since the ports of Spain resounded with the clank of preparations for the putting to sea of the Armada. If the Government, when it knew the truth from Lord Haldane, had said that it would go to the country on the question of our armaments corresponding with our policy, it might, with the politicians, have disappeared; might have, as Gladstone with the first Home Rule Bill, for the time, watched a disrupted Liberal Party, but, like the Roman Curtius who plunged into the Gulf, it would have saved the Empire an unnecessary and unprecedented expenditure of blood and treasure. I write "unnecessary," because I am one of the few who still believe that this was not an inevitable war. It could have been avoided if, in 1912, Britain had, first, commenced increasing her striking force to 600,000 trained soldiers, with 400,000 behind them to maintain them at that active service level; and, secondly, if her Ministers had stated their intentions in plain English, which they did not, and, as a consequence, allowed Germany to pursue the conquer-the-world policy which now has caused her undoing. Across Belgium and France, 'neath the shade of Turkish hills, and under the sands of Asia there stretches the grave of one million British soldiers whose epitaph is that they met their death while doing men's work. If such a price was inevitable, there is no more to be said! But what if it was not necessary, was not inevitable? All for England's need of a Curtius! Yet less blame may be thrown at the heads of our misnamed statesmen when we recollect how utterly the German General Staff failed to calculate upon the battles of the Rivers in 1914 developing into a four-year-old series of campaigns of attrition. But here, again, the enemy's Staff had before them a clear warning, albeit it came from a mere civilian.

When war arrived every General Staff in Europe believed that it would be a war of movement. The Germans especially, before our Expeditionary Force intervened, calculated on a couple of short campaigns in France and Russia, and the help we brought to the French Army at the commencement was so attenuated in comparison with the other forces in the field that, in the now hackneyed estimation of

the Kaiser and his Staff, the "Contemptible Little Army" made no difference in the reckoning up of the chances of the great adventure. Then the war of trenches surprised the whole military world, although Jean Bloch had warned us in his famous work that "*the army which penetrates into an enemy's territory will soon find accumulated there terrible means of defence. These will consist of a series of combats for the conquest, or the defence of fortified positions which will spring up everywhere, wherever it is possible to establish them.*" And yet the parallel lines of to-day, the flanks of which rest on the sea and on impassable neutral territory, were only a revival, an extension, of the defensive tactics of the eighteenth century, of which Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Fontenoy were leading precedents. The system of parallel warfare disappeared after the Prussian King's remarkable victories of manœuvre in the Seven Years' War, as did the Prussian Staff's principle of war conducted behind an entrenched front disappear before the French Marshal's victory of manœuvre in the year 1918.

Here, as with the profound influence that our sea-power exerted against our three most powerful enemies, Philip, Louis, and Napoleon, history has most emphatically repeated itself—history, that record of international precedents that so few of us read with intelligent understanding.

Another military lesson to be derived from this World War is to be found in a consideration of the extraordinary career of the German leader who a few days ago laid down his arms after for some four years managing to plunge nearly a quarter of the huge Dark Continent into a vortex of partisan or guerrilla warfare. This he did against overwhelming odds, and towards the end without material and with a *personnel* reduced to a couple of thousand native troops, officered by less than two hundred German officers. The Boer, De Wet, was merely a vulgar raider, a trifler at his task, compared with this desperate swashbuckler from Prussia. Railroads had an insatiable attraction for him, the destruction of a suspension bridge rejoiced his soul, he could have died happy when he enjoyed the fierce delight of sending under full steam a great train of wagons with food and ammunition for ten thousand men for a week at full speed along a lofty viaduct with a broken arch headlong down an East African river. No fierce Confederate irregular cavalry chief played such utter havoc as General von Lettow Vorbeck. Were J. E. B. Stuart alive he would have confessed that this extraordinary Prussian soldier would have put him to the blush for pure hardihood

and sustained recklessness enlisted under the very incarnation of rapine and ruin. His theatre of operations was immense beyond all precedent, and characterised by a variety of natural features, among which was a very superior development of mud, miasma, mosquitoes, and malaria. The area over which he played Follow-my-Neighbour was greater than France, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain put together. He united in his own person the experience of age and the activity of youth. He displayed a sound knowledge of strategy so as to appreciate the relations between the fronts of our opposing expeditionary columns, and the best directions of attack against his enemy. He must have been a kind of military Byron; his enterprises required a lively imagination. Prosaic duty and ordinary courage and cut-and-dried rules were nothing to him. He preferred to break than keep a rule. I learn that he had many of the faults of his genius, but his follies will probably become fashionable in Berlin and his vices may be there regarded, like those of Dr. Carl Peters, as charming eccentricities. One of his principal weapons was diffusing fiction with the trained zeal of a Northcliffe journalist. He spread exaggerated rumours through judiciously selected native sources as to the strength and condition of his own forces. He kept the imagination of even our own tame Boers and British-Afrikanders in a constant state of excitement, doubt, and fear. I wonder if the last-named had ever read what the great Emperor said *apropos* of this feature of partisan warfare to the Duke of Valmy? "The greatest service that you can render to partisans is to pay serious attention to the rumours which it is their interest to circulate." Thus with regard to the least as well as the greatest concerns in his art Napoleon was the master. But the fact remains that of all partisan chiefs I know of in military history von Lettow Vorbeck easily remains an indisputable first.

Encore the truest and most immediate lesson of the war of all wars is that the Superior Command of the enemy failed to grasp in its real significance that the Commander-in-Chief who carries out to the farthest with his army the principle of conducting the combat with the greatest economy of forces, and making the most of the moral effect of strong reserves, marches on the surest path to victory. This was the essence of the doctrine one Colonel Ferdinand Foch preached twenty years ago from his rostrum at the Ecole de Guerre. This is the theory that to-day Marshal Foch has put into practice in the field.

Allah is Great!

With the swift eye of the politician, Mr. Lloyd George has decided to go to the country—on victory. It will be a flag election. Yet not quite that either. The flag mandate that the Prime Minister appeals for will not be the fighting-man's mandate. Tens of thousands of soldiers will be debarred from taking part; the greater part of the armies will vote, under discipline, in the dark. We shall go to the polls, not on any policy or principle of government, but to vote for this or that candidate. To vote for Allah!

Mr. Lloyd George demands a Coalition returned with dictatorial authority. He declares that an Opposition is not wanted. Now a democracy without an Opposition is an autocracy; also, we are entering upon the era of international democracy. That fact is self-evident. The problems which lie before us and the world are new; they are problems of class, of economics, of systems and Empires, of the right to live. That will be Europe's demand, individually, nationally, and internationally. The peoples will demand the land, better wages, better living conditions—in a word, opportunity.

Mr. Lloyd George's bid for an oligarchic plutocracy thus rings a challenge. He says: "Trust me. I know best. I will decree." But that is the claim of Allah. He suggests that if he has a tied Parliament, a tied Coalition, and a tied Press he can perform the miracles. But men will soon wake up to discover that what they want are not miracles, but results. Certainly the soldiers will demand the right to think, and so will the workers. Before us lies the aftermath of war. Great reforms have become necessary. The long-delayed condition of England is the stake.

We seem to be in for it, too. With the *Daily Mail's* command to Mr. Lloyd George to assume State control of coal Lord Northcliffe joins hands with Trotsky. This is revolu-

tion. State control of coal implies State control of wages, of capital; for capital is either a god or an illusion. Such an innovation would affect the whole incidence of wages. If coal is the test of the Coalition, then that is Socialism. Does Mr. Lloyd George realise this? The State ownership of coal must interfere with the laws of the market, because coal is a great export, unlike, for instance, the railways or forestry or banking in the event of their nationalisation, and means that the State has become a seller; that wages, therefore, in that trade are not subject to the laws of balance, but to decree. This would lead to the statification of railwaymen's wages, postmen, etc.—to State political economics.

Is this to be done as a political "stunt"? Is the expert mind of the country not to be consulted? It may set up a giant political bureaucracy, and it may be useful as a piece of electoral opportunism, but it will mean far more than this. It will lead to a State incidence of wages—that is, slavery. Politicising the mines may depoliticise the miners, but only for a time, for a State wage cannot remain a phenomenon. The State wage will affect the whole, will affect supply and demand, the economic system.

What we want is light upon—

The right of States.
The right of Churches.
The right of Property.
The right of Individuals.

The world wants to get on. We cannot get right thought on these great matters by mere politics. Only sound thinking can produce constructive results, but Mr. Lloyd George offers us no thinking media; he does not even want publicity. Yet only through friction of mind does man progress. These grave problems demand grave inquiry, grave thought. We ought to have carefully selected councils to consider the new ideals. We should be all invited to think, and given time to think. Not vote first and then think. Our problems are also European problems; they should be treated as such. The nations should be asked to collaborate. Above all, we should know on what principles the Coalition proposes to act. Why, for example, the mines should be acquired? How the miners would benefit? Whether the public moneys are

to be utilised to recompense the owners, and, perhaps, if the public is prepared to incur this little additional expense? Rhetoric is no answer. What is Mr. Lloyd George going to do?

Mr. John Burns has retired from this "sinister" election; but can we discover what we are to vote upon? Why all is to be entrusted to a triumvirate? We have the programme—it reads like a new Deuteronomy. Mr. Lloyd George tells us he will not abandon Free Trade—Allah is great! He will support "key" industries, one of which we may understand to be agriculture; yet in the same breath he declares he will "not tax food"—Great is Allah! Take Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George informs us that there will be no political rest until we give Home Rule to Ireland—Allah is great! But he also says we cannot give Ireland Home Rule while there is political unrest—Allah is great! Yet it is to be presumed that a Bonar Law-Balfour Coalition will include the now uncrowned King of Ireland, Sir E. Carson, who, with a splendid disregard for the susceptibilities of a resuscitated Catholic Poland, declares that South or Catholic Ireland can be ignored; there will be "no Home Rule." Which Allah controls here?

Mr. Lloyd George continues. A partnership between America and Britain is the hope of the world—Allah is very great! Again, nothing will contribute more towards happy relations between Britain and America than the settlement of the Irish question; but the Solicitor-General recently declared in Parliament that the Government would not "invite, welcome, or even tolerate" interference in this domestic problem—Allah is great! He will have to be pretty amphibious if he is going to reconcile these statements in any settled policy; for Sir E. Carson knows what he wants, whereas the Prime Minister clearly does not. The Irish question remains a religious problem. Mr. Lloyd George offers no new solution, nor will he find one until he decides to think on principle instead of on opportunism.

Now even the dullest mind must perceive that the times are serious, and that mistakes are likely to have serious consequences. The atmosphere is not reassuring. Military censorship still exists. Is it possible that we, with three

million casualties in a war to make the "world safe for democracy," are to contest an election under Dora? It looks like it. The plea for a conscript Parliament has already its counterpart in a conscript Press. Among the condition-of-England questions, the condition of Fleet Street is not the least sinister. We saw how the system works in connection with the purchase of the *Daily Chronicle*, with the resultant resignation of its independent editor. The gravity of this Fleet Street turn-over lies in the increasing tendency of financial place-hunters to buy newspapers with the object of manufacturing and controlling opinion. I am one of the few editors in London who control my own platform, who are free, independent of Party, caucus, financial interest, or intrigue—independent even of any of the Prime Minister's secretaries. The recent case of the *National News* throws light on this new Fleet Street camouflage. The old independent editor, writer, journalist is being frozen out. Papers are falling into the hands of the political machine, and the fashion is for Ministers to own or control their own newspapers. Independent journalism can only be found in the smaller weeklies. In Fleet Street men say, "*Il faut vivre*," and the system marches on. It is to march us into this artificial election. When the Press is a little more throttled the servile State of Mr. Belloc will have been completed.

Among other things, the Prime Minister told us that this will be the most important election in our history, and he may be right. If so, then why have one when no man knows what to vote about, but only whom to vote for? Surely the complex problems before us should be treated with care, with measured thought, not as a political jollification. All real *reconstruction here* will depend upon the *security* of the *international order*, because the foundation of creation must be confidence, which also is the basis of credit. For instance, when the Government announce that £30,000,000 are to be allocated as out-of-work wages pending reconstruction, this payment is a draft drawn upon future world security—in other words, that security or confidence should be our primary aim. Hasty methods are not needed to-day. No considered opinion on the part of the country accounts for a precipitate appeal to the polls. If we study the League of Nations we find that principle is the governing idea; here, too, the need is of principle, of quiet reflection, of wise determination. In

six months from now the international situation would be clearer, the potentialities of it closer defined. Then should be the time to go to the country on a national programme, not now, when all is uncertainty, in flux, in prospective upheaval.

The election at this juncture reveals method, and betrays the politician. Our whole machinery of government to-day is a war machinery; our minds are still war minds; the new values have not yet acquired either focus or perspective. We do not know what we want, because we cannot know until the equilibrium of Europe has become more stable and we see whether Mr. Wilson's League of Nations is to be a myth or a reality. Nor shall we be able to feel the pulse of New England until the soldiers are demobilised and opinion has once more become civil in place of military. To baulk this opinion of its right to speak is a cynical symptom in the State. Instead of opening the floodgates, it closes them. It dams the eddies and currents of the mind precisely at a time when what we require are rivers of free utterance.

A Song of Peace

By Ernest Rhys

Who sent you, ugly month, this miracle,
This day that looks so bright,
And has great news to tell?
And draws Death's curtain and lets in the light?
We should re-name you, dull November, now,
And call you Mercury, the news-bringer,
Bringing the news that tells of the war's end,
That bids the storm-cone drop, the flags ascend.

Come out, you crowds, for now at every door
You shall see Peace pass out, and enter in
Wearing the very dress you thought she wore,—
All trimmed with gold and toucht with tricolor,
And deckt with little lions round the hem;—
And what is this,—a tiny bit of crape
Hid in her breast for memory of them,—
Of them that fought and died:
So she recalls them proudly to her side.
For well, I know, they too are in the street,
And hear the shouts and wheels and rolling din.
They are the golden warriors of this day:
Come then, you crowds, their shadows lead the way!

Even as they went, the dead and living men,—
Still wondering which were the true revellers then.
I saw a sallow girl come from the place
Where she had worked, and join the joyous stream,
Pinning red, white, and blue upon herself:
Her cheeks changed as she went, her eyes took grace,
And for her feet, some side wind lifted them
Like two brown leaves and made them dance and sway:
And when she met a soldier, with a dart
She seized and kissed and hugg'd him to her heart.
And now 'tis no white god of sculptured form
Bearing an olive-branch I see, but her,
A girl with her day-bundle on her arm,
A rusty robin under a town-sky,
Who is the votive creature of that hour,
The sallow work-girl,—Peace's warrior.

But every pavement, every street and alley,
As we were drawn on in the merry flood,
Went dancing-mad,—no chance for melancholy,
On such a day, in such a festive mood;
The rain might fall,—the dancers felt no mud,
The sun not shine,—the gaiety in their eyes
Made in the town a reeling star arise;
While from St. Martin's down to old King Lud
The bells did ring,—the War, the War is done,
The world is free,—seas, lands, to everyone!
Ah, fortunate, I thought, are we who are
Compatriot with the world, in our mere spot in space,
This island-country, with its sea-roads free
To every land and sea
That link the sunset with the morning-star,
The mist of Arran with the Indian moon.
It seems in us, those ocean-currents race
Mixing blue waters with the greener flood
Bred in the Arctic solitude.
They surely call us,—regions old and new,
And say, "The earth awaits, so freely ride;
Set your freights squarely on the ocean tide;
There lies the highway of the world for you."

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"
Sang the old bishop. But the star may fade,
Let us look east, west, north and south instead.
Many the leaves, but one dominion
Of light and life beneath the fervent sun.
Now, let another sea-song fill the quays
That line the sea-ports of the open seas,—
The ocean-song rejoicing west and east,
The wedding-song that marries east and west,
The good news that the wars, the wars are past
And the Pacific sets the seal at last.

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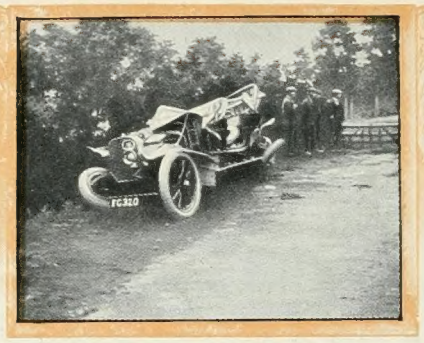

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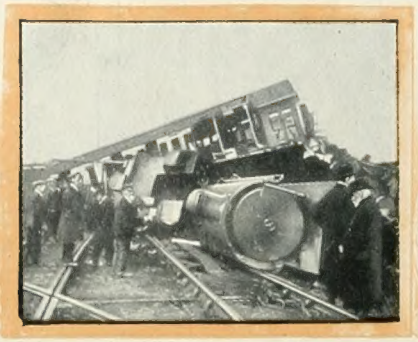

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